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DO YOU REMEMBER?

BY A. Y. R.

Dear, do you remember lingering side by side,
Where in the midnight heavens the daylight never died;
Where the waves' recurrent music kept cadence to our thought,
And the hour and the silence our love to rapture wrought?

Dear, do you remember the fair and foolish dream?
How life grew to enchantment beneath its golden gleam;
While the pulses thrilled together to the clasping of the hand,
And the moon's path lay in silver on the sea and on the sand.

The dream was false and fickle, the hope an idle thing,
The music died upon the notes and snapped the golden string.
Perhaps it had been wiser if nor heart nor lip had met,
Dear, do you remember?—It were better to forget.

Fettered, Yet Free.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX—(CONTINUED.)

SHE was looking down at her hands, which still lay on his; he looked at them also, and the contrast between her white fingers, so slight and frail, and his strong, shapely brown hands seemed to have struck them both. Cecil lifted her wistful eyes with a little smile.

"What do you think, Hugh?" she said softly.

He dropped her hands and turned from her with a little exclamation of pain; it seemed as if a sudden shadow had fallen upon the earth and sky, and yet the sunrays were strong and glaring as they had been. The wistful, sorrowful smile deepened upon Cecil's face; she followed him, slipping her hand through his arm.

"What is the matter? Have I vexed you?" she said coaxingly. "You foolish fellow, don't you remember the old proverb about a creaking gate? You need not be afraid; I am not going to die——"

"Ah!" he broke in passionately; "what a word to use to-day when we are so happy! Die! I would not let you die! Heaven itself should not take you from me! There—there, I have frightened you, my darling! Forgive me, I will be more gentle; but your words hurt me, Cecil. The very thought of parting from you makes me tremble!"

"Do not think of it, then," she said very gently, and smiling with pale lips as she looked up at him.

"Has the thought no pain for you?" he asked reproachfully, looking at her in the softened shade of the full-leaved trees.

"Pain!"—she closed her eyes for a moment, and drew a long, difficult breath—"Pain! Parting would be worse than death, Hugh!"

"Then, since neither are imminent," he said, recovering his wonted cheeriness; "why spoil the sunshine of to-day by the thought of them? Nothing can part us, my beloved; and——"

"Nothing?" she repeated breathlessly. "Remember, it is you who say that, Hugh!"

"What a tragic tone! Of course I say it; and will say it again, if you like! Nothing can part us! And when our time comes, my darling, perhaps Heaven will be merciful, and let us go together."

"Nothing can part us?" she said in the same quick, breathless manner,—"nothing? Ah! it is you who say so Hugh. And—and—they are pleasant words to hear."

"They will be pleasanter still to carry into effect," he returned smiling. "And now, mademoiselle, what is the meaning of this elaborate toilette?"

For a moment she did not answer. She had raised her eyes to his face, and was looking at him with grave, sorrowful intentness and pleading in her beautiful, lustrous eyes; then with a swift smile and sudden change of manner,—

"My dress?" she said gaily. "Do you call it elaborate? It seems to me tout ce qu'il y a de plus simple."

"That is all very well," Sir Hugh said, with the air of a judge. "Indian muslin is what, to the best of my belief, which after all is founded on no great knowledge of the subject, Constance is wearing this afternoon; but it looks a very different material and garment to this," he added, gingerly touching the soft material which fell around her in clinging, graceful folds, and was confined at the waist by a quaintly-chased silver belt of curious Indian workmanship.

"You like this?" she said wistfully.

"Awfully! But, you careless damsel, why have you come out without any head covering but those pretty yellow locks. You conceited child, I believe you like to show how full of gold they are in the sun."

"I had my umbrella," she said smiling, "and here one needs neither hat nor sunshade. Oh, how pleasant it is here!"

"There is shade at least," Sir Hugh said, smiling, "and that is the grand desideratum to-day. Phew! how hot it was coming. It is the heat which makes you so pale, I suppose, sweet?"

"Yes. Shall we sit down, Hugh?"

She sank down rather wearily on a grassy mound, and he threw himself at her feet; through the trees a few obtrusive sunbeams found their way, and strayed over the white folds of Cecil's gown, touching tenderly her yellow locks and the gems on her slender little hands.

Sir Hugh looked up at her with adoring eyes.

"How beautiful you are," he said fondly, "and how I love you!"

She smiled, and touched his fair head which rested against her knee with one little tender hand.

"It is only my pretty looks you love?" she said wistfully. "Would you not love me if I lost my beauty?"

"I should love you under any conditions," he replied gaily. "I did not say I loved what you so modestly call your 'pretty looks,' but that I loved you, you, your own sweet self! Don't you believe me, Cecil?"

"Yes," she answered softly, "I believe, Hugh—if I did not——"

She stopped abruptly, and her lips quivered a little. He lifted his eyes to hers with a smiling, questioning glance.

"Well, if you did not?" he queried, possessing himself of one of the little jewelled hands, and touching it softly with his lips.

"If I did not, I should not care to live," she ended, speaking in a low tone full of repressed emotion.

"My darling," whispered Hugh fondly; and a silence fell upon them—a soft, sweet silence, broken only by the soft ripple of the little rivulet as it meandered over the stones.

To the last day of his life, to the last day of hers, Hugh Danecourt and Cecil Lestrange would remember that hour. The last cloudless one they ever spent together,—never again would they meet there, happy in each other's love, and sit with clasped hand on the soft green sward; never again would the ripple of the little brook meet their ears without causing exquisite pain. Never again! Never again!

"The excitement up at the house is very great," Sir Hugh said lazily, by-and-bye, "Nannie is determined that her garden party shall be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, I believe. She and Mrs. Vigors have held numerous consultations. If we had not been so far from town I am sure she would have insisted on having Gunter to manage the commissariat department!"

"But," Cecil said, looking a little startled; "I thought it was to be a very quiet party, Hugh!"

"If you intend quiet to mean small, you are not far wrong," Sir Hugh said smiling. "It would have been large, if Anne could have managed it, but for want of materials it will necessarily be limited in number. Our neighbors are not numerous, you see, dear, and you must make up your mind to a limited circle when you settle down at Danecourt."

"I am glad of that," the girl said earnestly. "I should be quite happy if we had no acquaintances at all!"

"A solitude a deux seems to me of all things most delightful," Sir Hugh said, smiling up at her. "Just now especially. If anyone came to disturb us, I am not at all sure that I should not throw him into the brook! Seriously though, Cecil, I am glad to hear you say that! I am never so happy anywhere as at Danecourt, and I have been haunted by a little dread that you might find it dull."

"Dull with you?" Cecil said softly.

"Ah, you sweet flatterer!" he exclaimed, with a little laugh. "Who taught you to say such pretty things in such a pretty voice? One would almost suspect that you had had a husband before, who had taught you the power of coaxing."

"A husband before!" Cecil repeated, with a little smile. "Pray, have I one now?"

"Almost," Sir Hugh said, smiling; "and you will have one quite, before long, Cecil!"

"Why is Nannie so anxious for the success of her party?" Cecil asked abruptly, changing the subject.

"Why? Can you ask? It is given in honor of two engagements, of which it is to be a kind of public announcement."

"Two engagements?" she repeated. "Whose?"

"Ours, my dear, and Jessie's."

"Jessie's?" Cecil echoed in surprise, a little color coming into her cheek. "Jessie's? I did not know that Jessie was engaged."

"No; she wanted to surprise you," Sir Hugh said penitently. "I ought not to have told you. She is engaged, dear, and has been since Christmas. They are to be married early in September, and, Cecil,"—suddenly raising his head from her knee, and sitting up eagerly,—"if you will not listen to reason and marry me sooner, let us make a double wedding of it, and be married on the same day as Jessie and her barrister."

"He is a barrister, then?" Cecil said, utterly ignoring the last suggestion, although the color had risen in her face.

"Oh, yes; a rising man, a clever fellow, and a good fellow, too," said Sir Hugh carelessly. Jessie's fiance was a matter of complete indifference to him when compared with his own. "But you have not answered me, Cecil! Perhaps," he continued laughingly, "you agree with me that September is too far in the future, and that——"

"Are you aware that this is July?" the girl said, forcing a little laugh; "and that our engagement is but a month old, and—"

"Surely that is old enough! We know each other as well as if we had been intimate for a score of years. I assure you, my dear, that I am not inclined to wait an indefinite period."

She was silent, looking with wistful eyes at the runing water at their feet.

"You quite understand, Cecil," he said, with a tender authority in his voice and manner.

"Could we be happier than we are now, Hugh?" she whispered, with a timidity which had something very pretty in it.

"I think I should be happier if I knew nothing could come between us, Cecil," he answered tenderly. "You are an uncertain little mortal. I shall never feel sure of you until we are irrevocably bound to each other."

"Who has a doubting heart now?" she said, springing lightly to her feet and standing, slight and tall in her soft white gown, on the grassy mound which had served her as a seat. "Hugh, something is wanting to make me happy, just now, and that is a cup of tea."

Sir Hugh rose slowly and languidly.

"Shall I tell Knolls to bring some to you?" he said, looking a little discomposed at the abrupt change of subject.

"Or shall we go in and let Laura give us some?" suggested Cecil unfurling her white umbrella, and Sir Hugh slipped his hand through her arm and they sauntered on through the shaded woods, leaving the ripple of the brook behind them, over the velvety green lawns towards the house. As they drew near it, a pretty pony carriage driven by a lady passed down the highroad; the lady waved her dainty, parasol whip with a little nod and smile, and Sir Hugh lifted his straw hat and smiled also.

"Jessie going to meet her barrister," he said laughingly. "Shall I tell her to bring him in en passant, to introduce him to you?"

"Not to-day," Cecil said gently. "Let us have to-day to ourselves, Hugh. After to-day our happy quiet time will be over; to-morrow's festivity will inaugurate quite a different reign. Let us have to-day to ourselves."

"Don't you like the idea of to-morrow?" he queried lightly. "For my part I am rather glad to show my neighbors and friends what a beautiful mistress Danecourt is going to have."

They had entered the hall now, and Cecil had thrown her white umbrella on the oak table where Sir Hugh's straw hat presently joined it; the pretty oak-panelled apartment was shady and pleasant now, for the sun had left that side of the house. Knolls was just crossing to the drawing room with his tea tray, and Cecil uttered a glad little exclamation.

"Who could drink tea such weather unless it were iced?" grumbled Sir Hugh, comically. "If Knolls has any bowels of mercy he will bring me something of a less heating kind!"

"He seems to be bent on encouraging your vicious tastes," Cecil answered laughingly, as they entered the drawing room and saw that Knolls had provided a second tray with tall tumblers and clear amber wine, and little blocks of transparent ice in a crystal pail standing among the slim, long necked bottles.

"Knolls is a man of precaution," Sir Hugh remarked sententiously. "I will remember him in my will!"

At the sound of the merry voice, Mrs. Geith, still nestling among her cushions, slumbering peacefully, awoke with a little start, and sat up flushed and smiling on her couch.

"I believe I have been asleep," she said laughing.

There was a few interchanges of remarks

and then general attention was drawn to Cecil, by a low sharp cry.

"I think Cecil is ill," Mrs. Geith said, in a stifled voice, rising suddenly and going to her sister, who, lying back in her chair, with closed eyes and upturned face, had quietly fainted away.

CHAPTER X.

"IT WAS only the heat," Cecil murmured with pale lips, as, after a few minutes, she opened her eyes, and looked up into anxious faces bending over her, and smiled into Sir Hugh's anxious eyes.

"It was all my fault," the young man said ruefully, holding the little chill hand in his strong, tender fingers. "I ought not to have asked you to go out on such a sultry day. You are really better, dear? Let me send for Doctor Baxter?"

"I do not need Doctor Baxter," the girl answered almost sharply. "I am quite well now. Laura, give me some more tea; most of my first cup has, you see, been spilled on my pretty gown."

She took her hands from Sir Hugh's with a little, petulant movement, and pettishly turned away her head so as to escape his anxious eyes, then as if suddenly relenting, she said more gently:

"There is no need for anxiety, Hugh. It is almost legitimate to faint on such a day as this, if I did faint, which I am rather inclined to doubt. I am quite sure I did not lose consciousness of your presence and Laura's."

She drank the tea her sister gave her rather thirstily, then rose and went over to the piano.

"Are you wise to play, Cecil?" Mrs. Geith said anxiously. "Had you not better rest?"

"Oh, no. The music will do me much good."

The soft, dreamy music she played had a touch of sadness in its melody, but it seemed to suit the time and place. Sir Hugh, his tall glass with its tempting contents left neglected by his side, sat listening in silence. Mrs. Geith's face was grave and troubled and anxious.

Presently the little white fingers strayed into the melody—so sad, so sweet—of Schubert's "Adieu."

As the melody died away, Sir Hugh went over to the piano.

"That is certainly not a *morceau de circonstance*, dear," he said tenderly. "What made you play it to-day?"

"I do not know. Perhaps I thought it suitable. I told you that to-day we should say adieu to our happiness. To-morrow, ah!"

She rose from the music-stool, and then stretched out her arms with a little longing gesture.

"To-morrow this sweet secret joy of ours will belong to your world," she said sadly. "It can never be the same again. Now," she added more lightly, "is it not time for you to go and welcome your brother-in-law elect? Jessie will feel slighted, perhaps."

"They will scarcely have got back from the station yet," he said, looking at his watch. "Let them get their raptures over. They have not met for quite three months, and will have ever so much to say to each other. Are you well enough to sing me something, Cecil? But no, it is selfish to ask you. You look so very white and weary."

"I will sing to you to-night," she said, with a little pale smile. "You will come to-night, Hugh?"

"Do you think I may, dear? he asked. "Perhaps I had better not. You ought to rest to-night, I think."

"I can rest when you are here. Nay, I only rest in your presence," she said scarcely above her breath, looking up at him with great shining, restless eyes, which made the young man's heart thrill with a sharp and sudden pain. "You will come, Hugh?"

"I am only too glad to come, my sweet," he said tenderly. "Laura cannot fail to think me an unmitigated nuisance. I'll risk that willingly if you really wish me to come, and think it will not knock you up. I want you to be looking your best and prettiest to-morrow."

"Ah, to-morrow," she said petulantly. "Never mind to-morrow; it—the morrow you are looking forward to—may never come! Go home now to Jessie and her fiance, and come back after dinner. By the by, I think I did not catch his name correctly," she added rather faintly. "What is it?"

"Montagu Arnold."

She repeated it after him musingly: her eyes were fixed thoughtfully upon his face, one of her hands was clasped in his, the other lay lightly on his shoulder.

"Rather a pretty name," she said quietly. "I hope he is nice—nice enough for our pretty Jessie."

"She is satisfied, at any rate."

"And you?"

"Oh, yes, I am satisfied; there only remains your approval, Cecil," he added, laughingly.

"Mine is of little account," she replied, forcing a smile. "Do you think it an uncommon name?" she added eagerly. "Would there be likely to be two Montagu Arnolds, do you think?"

"Hardly, but, of course, it is not impossible," he answered carelessly.

She was silent for a moment.

"I have oftened pictured a lover for Jessie," she said musingly. "I wonder if Mr.—what is his name?—Arnold is at all like the one of my imagination."

"What is that creature like?" he asked, studying the beautiful pale face with tender intent eyes.

"Tall, of course, since Jessie is little; not very stalwart, rather slight, in fact; grave and thoughtful, because she is so full of fun and merriment; with rather deep-set dark eyes and a pale, intellectual face. Why—why do look so surprised, Hugh?"

"Because you have described Monty exactly," he said smiling. "Did you ever see him?"

"No, I have never met him, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"It was in some previous state of existence," she replied slowly.

"Well, you have described him admirably."

"Have I? How strange. Is that six o'clock, Hugh? You must go I suppose?"

"Yes, I must be off. Good-bye, for the present, dear."

"Make your farewells to Laura," she said lightly. "I am going with you to the door."

They went out together into the shady hall.

"You will be sure to come to-night?" she said lightly.

"Will I not? he replied, smiling as he bent and kissed her; then caught up his hat and hurried away.

As he reached the hall door he turned. Cecil was standing where he had left her, leaning against the table, her face white as her gown, her eyes following him with such a yearning expression in their lustrous depths, that involuntarily he paused, hesitated a moment, then ran back to her and put his arms around her slender form. She shrank from him slightly for a moment, then not only yielded to his embrace, but put up both her hands, and clasping them around his neck, drew his tall head down to hers, and kissed him passionately on the lips. It was the first voluntary caress she had given him, and the young man's heart throbbed with a glad pride as he released her with a few fond words, then hurried away, and this time, resisting the temptation to look back, accomplished his departure without delay.

For some minutes after he had left her, the girl stood still, resting one hand upon the table, and keeping the other pressed to her heart, as if it could lessen the aching pain there; then, with a long, shuddering sigh, she stood erect.

"So soon," she murmured, half aloud,—"so soon! Ah! I might have had a few more days. One month! Only one happy month to set against a lifetime of misery. One happy month!"

Again the long, shuddering sigh shook her from head to foot, and she closed her eyes for a moment as if to shut out some horrible sight. Recovering herself she went slowly and heavily to the drawing room, her long, white gown sweeping softly after her. Mrs. Geith, still sitting at the tea table, looked up eagerly on her entrance.

Cecil forced a smile as she met her sister's anxious dark eyes, and went over to the hearth, which was filled with flowers and ferns.

"I am so cold," she said pathetically, shivering a little. "I wish there were a fire."

"A fire, Cecil! To-day!"

Mrs. Geith's astonished tone recalled the girl to herself; for the time her thoughts had strayed away, and she was scarcely conscious of anything save of her own suffering.

"I suppose it would be absurd," she said carelessly, "yet, hot as it is, I am very cold. I must have taken a chill."

She remained standing by the mantelpiece, resting her hand upon it and looking down thoughtfully, at the delicate ferns and bright-hued flowers on the tiled hearth; her sister's voice, speaking rather abruptly, made her start.

"Cecil."

She looked up quickly.

"What is it?" she asked.

"When you fainted just now," Mrs. Geith said, "was it the heat?"

"No."

"I thought not. Was it the name of Jessie Danecourt's future husband which gave you a shock great enough to have that effect?"

"Yes."

The pallor on her face was reflected on Mrs. Geith's now as their eyes met.

"He will know you?" Laura said faintly.

"He should know me," was the answer, given with the calmness of intense despair.

"He was there?"

"Yes."

A long silence followed; Mrs. Geith's hands were trembling; her sister stood white and still, as if carved in marble, her face pallid and expressionless, like that of a dead woman.

"What will you do, Cecil?"

The question seemed to rouse her; her face changed; over its marble calm came the shadow of a great despair.

"What can I do?" she said, in a low, hoarse, broken voice. Oh, Laura, it is so hard—I was so happy."

"It could not last, dear," Mrs. Geith said sorrowfully.

"Why should it not?" the girl exclaimed, with a strange fierceness in her voice and manner; "why should it not? We were so secure here,—without discovery, but for this—but for this! Ah!"—she threw up her hands in wild despair—"if I could die before to-morrow!"

"Are you going to let him, this barrister, tell them who you are?" Mrs. Geith said brokenly. "Oh, Cecil, dear, let me tell Hugh to-night; it will be best."

"Let you tell him!" Cecil answered, looking at her with a sudden gentleness. "Why should you pass through such an ordeal, Laura? Have I not given you pain enough yet? No; I will tell him when he comes to-night."

"It will kill you, Cecil!" the other woman exclaimed, pitifully.

"Ah! if it only would," her sister said longingly; if it only would!"

She let her head fall on her hand as it rested on the mantel-piece, and again silence fell upon them in the quiet room—a silence full of pain.

"We were happy!" Cecil said brokenly. "We might have been happy a little longer—just a little while. I thought sometimes, Laura, that I might have kept his love until the end—you know that the doctors said that the end might not be long—only I am afraid that happiness made me stronger; and perhaps if I had been Hugh's wife I might have lived to be an old woman. He was talking of that to-day," she went on dreamily, "down by the brook; but it seemed to me, as I listened, that some echo among the trees said, 'Never! never!' and I thought it meant I should never be his wife; and I was right in thinking so."

"Cecil, he loves you so dearly—with so true a love," her sister said gently; "do you not think it possible that he might forgive?"

A gleam of hope lighted up the haggard eyes for a moment, then faded again. She shook her head wearily.

"He might have forgiven at first," she said faintly; "but not now. How could he forgive such a long deceit? How could he ever trust me, when he thought that I had only been true because I knew that he would learn all from Mr. Arnold? Yet, Laura, I meant to tell him all, in a little while."

"At one time," she went on huskily, "I thought to keep my secret to the end; that was at first, before I learnt to love him so well, that the thought of such baseness became abhorrent to me. But I should have told him before the day came for our marriage; a day which I was going to put off as long as I could. Ah," she said, her voice softening and tears coming into her burning eyes, "if I could have had this one summer to look back to; just this one short, sweet summer, I could have borne the rest."

"But, dear, whatever comes, you have much still left to make your life happy, or at least, peaceful," Mrs. Geith said to her tenderly.

"Whatever comes," Cecil repeated. "Do you mean if he cannot forgive me?"

"It he should be so cruel, Cecil, we will go away and find happiness somewhere else."

"Happiness! Without Hugh? Ah, Laura, if you knew how I love him, you would know that that is impossible. He says that life to him would be impossible without me, but——"

"He says that?" Mrs. Geith says eagerly. "Then he will forgive, dear."

"No," Cecil said faintly, with white, dry lips; "he will not, because he will know that the Cecil whom he loved has never existed, that the woman whom he thought so good and true and pure, is a living incarnation of deceit and treachery and—and crime! He will hate, he will loath me when he knows all."

"But, Cecil," the elder woman said gently, "in his place what would you do?"

"In his place? Do you mean if he had deceived me as I have deceived him?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes. It is an impossible case of course, but let us imagine it for a moment. Could you forgive him?"

A change came over the haggard, beautiful face, the light "which never was on sea or land" came into her lovely anguished eyes.

"I love him," she said simply.

"And he loves you. Why should you suppose your love to be greater than his, Cecil? When you tell him to-night, I think he will forgive you."

Her lips quivered as she spoke, and she felt her sister's arms around her for a moment, thanking her by their passionate pressure for the words with which she had tried to comfort her.

"You think so," Cecil murmured, resting her cheek on her sister's shoulder for a moment. "But you are a woman, he is a man—we shall see."

CHAPTER XI.

THE heat of the day had tempered down into the pleasant cool of the July night, when Sir Hugh Danecourt came to the Gate House.

He had loitered a little, and was later than he had meant to be, for his guest had accompanied him through the park, and they had been smoking and talking as they walked.

At the great iron gates the young barrister paused.

"Here we part," he said. "I should be forcibly reminded of the old lines, 'Two is company, three is trumpery,' if I went any further. Jessie has been quite eloquent over Miss Lestrange's charms," he added lightly, "and I am quite curious to see her, but I'll wait until to-morrow."

"Cecil was not very well to-day, or I would take you in to see her now," Sir Hugh said smiling. "I shall not be long. An hour, perhaps—not more; and Jessie will more than make up for my absence, for which I will not apologise. Au revoir."

As Sir Hugh opened the wicket gate he remembered the day he had called to pay his first visit at the Gate House, and had grumbled to the vicar at having to perform so unpleasant a duty.

Since then a change had come into his life, a change as great as it was pleasant. Happy and care-free as he had been then, he was a hundred times happier now. Life had seemed a blessed possession on that spring day, but on this summer day it was infinitely more blessed and beautful than it had ever been.

The stars were coming out in the blue heavens, the moon—a young moon, like one which had looked down Cecil's attempted cruelty, and had seen the victor vanquished—was riding aloft in the serene, cloudless sky, the air was full of sweetness, as Sir Hugh went around to the glass doors leading into the drawing room. They were closed and the young man had perforce to try the more prosaic mode of ingress, through the hall door, and to be admitted by Knolls, who showed him into the drawing room and closed the door upon him, in the suave, noiseless manner which distinguished this well-trained domestic.

The lamps were burning softly under their trasparent shades, the wax candles at the piano and on the mantel-piece were lighted, but the room was untenanted. Sir Hugh sat down on a great armchair beside a reading table - a book lay at his elbow, kept open by a fan laid upon its pages. He looked at the fan, it was Cecil's, a pretty toy which he had given her, and which she often used; he put it down and took up the book. What had the child been reading, he wondered lazily, hoping at the same time that she would not keep him long before she graced the room with her sweet presence.

He glanced indifferently down at the open page of the book he held, and saw that it was poetry; looking nearer he started a little to see that the page was stained and blistered with what he guessed to be tears; a slight shadow fell over the handsome face but a moment before serene and cloudless as the evening sky, then he smiled softly to himself.

"The foolish child," he murmured. "Let me see what sentimental nonsense she has been crying over. Women like to cry over novels and poet's twaddle."

But practical, unsentimental a man as Hugh was, the shadow deepened a little as he read the lines printed on that tear-stained page, read them with a little angry thrill of pain.

He had read the verses when a light touch upon his shoulder made him look up. Cecil had come softly into the room and stood behind his chair, where the light from the shaded lamp could not reach her, with her hand resting on his shoulder.

"You seem to have been indulging in sentiment," the young man said, smiling. "Well, it is pretty poetry enough, my dear."

"Have you read it all, Hugh?"

"All but the last verse," he answered lightly; "but now that your are here, I will give it up."

"No," she said eagerly. "Read the last verse. It is not fair to the poet, or rather to the poetess, not to finish her poem."

"The queen wishes it," he said, smiling, and once more he took up the book and read the last lines of a pathetic little poem.

"Then must we part, when loving
As we do?"

"Rather vague, is it not, dear?" Sir Hugh said laughingly, leaning back his fair head, and looking upward into her shadowed face. "Have the misguided young people quarrelled? Something of this kind, I suppose. Well, I'm glad we are not quarrelsome lovors, Cecil. Come around, dear, where I can see you," he continued smiling. "I want to see if you have quite recovered from this afternoon's walk."

She came slowly and stood before him, but even then the light did not touch her face, only fell softly on the folds of her gown. She had dressed herself with even more than her usual care, perhaps hoping—poor hapless Cecil!—that her beauty, heightened by its rich dress, might be powerful to plead for her with him, and she looked strangely beautiful.

She wore a long, tightly-fitting gown of soft, dead-white silk, which showed to advantage the grace and perfection of her form. Her arms were bare from the elbow down, and the dress was finished off at the throat by a falling collar of lace; she wore no ornaments save the rings which flashed in the soft lamplight with every movement of her hands; she looked very young, and pure, and sweet in her lover's eyes as she stood half shyly before his chair, her long, dark lashes drooping over her shining eyes, her cheeks flushed with a faint rose tint, which the excitement under which she was laboring had brought to them.

"Another elaborate toilette," the young man said smiling. "You extravagant little puss. Ah, I know why you got yourself up to-night. You thought I would bring Monty with me to see you, and you wanted to cut poor Jessie out."

"Did I?"

"Yes, of course you did. Do you think I cannot fathom your vanity?" he asked, as he stood up and turned her around so that the light fell upon her, and upon the loveliness which had so great an influence over him. "How lovely you are, Cecil," he exclaimed almost involuntarily. "You seem to get lovelier with every day."

"Happiness is a good cosmetic, then," she said softly. "Do you think"—with sudden eagerness—"that anyone who had only seen me pale, and thin, and ill, would recognize me now?"

"Hardly, I should fancy. Yet, even when you were pale and thin you were beautiful. Now you are dazzling, irresistible."

"Irresistible! Am I irresistible?" she queried. "I am glad; I want to be irresistible to-night."

"Why? You have always been so for me," he rejoined lightly. "I have long ceased to attempt any resistance to your sovereign will."

She looked at him wistfully.

"Have you?" she said. "Am I such a tyrant?"

"A most sweet tyrant," the young man replied smiling. "Whose slave I am glad to be. You feel all right again, dear, I hope?"

"Oh, yes."

"Where is Laura?"

"She is in her room—she is rather tired to-night."

"She is very considerate, at least," Sir Hugh said. "She is the most discreet of chaperons; but still, Cecil, I can dispense even with her graceful presence. What are you thinking of, dear?" seeing how gravely and wistfully she was looking at him.

"I was thinking," she answered gravely, "how much better it would have been for you if you had cared for Laura instead of for me."

"Why better?" he asked her smiling.

"Because she is good and true, and I am so unworthy."

Her voice fell as she uttered the last two words, the sweet, red flush died out of her face.

"No wonder you speak in that shame-faced voice," the squire said reproachfully. "Laura is very charming, but she is not you."

"What made you care for me, Hugh?" she continued, not heeding the last words. "Did no instinct tell you how unworthy I am of the love you have given me? Ah, you know so little, so little of us, and yet you have trusted me enough to ask me to be your wife."

"And, therfore, you know that I trust you perfectly, my darling."

"And that only makes my self-reproach the deeper," she replied. "Hugh, do you never think that I have been alive twenty-two long years, and that I have only known you a few short months, and that therefore all my past is unknown to you?"

"If I ever do think that, dear, it is only to regret that I did not meet you earlier," he answered; "so that we might have been happy together sooner."

"And you never want to know any more of me?"

"Of course I want to know more of you?" he said laughingly. "In the future, sweet, we shall learn to know each other perfectly, I hope."

"And the past."

"The past can take care of itself, Cecil," he answered lightly. "I know that if your past contained anything I ought to know, you would tell it me; but I have no doubt but that is the usual past of school life, which is the ordinary experience of your sex. A little sadder, perhaps, than most girl's lives," he added tenderly; "and the sadness has left a little uncertainty of temper and a little capriciousness of manner, which seem to make you all the more charming. Of course, I know that you lost your parents when you were very young, and that you were not very rich; but—what's the matter, Cecil?" Are you ill?"

"Ill? Oh, no! What makes you think so?"

"Your hands are burning hot, dear, and a minute since they were cold as ice. Are you sure you are well?"

"Quite sure." She looked at him wistfully and questioningly. "But suppose Hugh—it is an impossible case, of course,"—with a little bitter laugh, "but we can imagine it—that my past contained some terrible story of sin and shame, such as some poor women's lives contain, could you forgive it, do you think?"

"I think I could, dear; nay, I am sure I could, unless——"

He paused, startled at the sudden intense eagerness in her eyes. She was standing with her hands, which she had taken from his, resting upon his shoulders as she looked upward into his face; and, whereas a moment before they had rested there so lightly that he could not feel them, now they were pressed down upon him with a strong pressure.

"Unless what?" she queried breathlessly.

"Unless—what an excitable little mortal you are, Cecil—unless that you had kept this sad, shameful secret from me, and had won and retained my love under deliberate falsehoods. I could not forgive that, I think, dearest child, even in you."

"No," she said very slowly, in a strange, monotonous manner; "of course you could not; i could not expect it. No one, no man could."

She dropped her hands from his shoulders and turned away, fearful lest he should see the chill pallor which she felt creeping over her face and lips.

"Go and play me something," she said abruptly. "I am in a mood for music to-night."

"You are a veritable Lady Caprice this evening," he said laughingly, with a little with a trifling shrug of his shoulders as he turned to obey her, "What sort of music would your ladyship prefer?"

She made no answer; her face was turned away from him so that the fierce misery which crushed out its radiant loveliness was hidden from him. He moved away to the piano, glancing back at her as he went, but she never stirred.

Even then no suspicion crossed his mind as to the possibility that her past did contain such a secret, sad and shameful, as the one of which she had spoken. To him she seemed all pure, all sweet, all true, and his love for her was almost idolatry.

As he sat down to the piano and struck some opening chords, the girl, standing where he had left her on the hearth, suddenly clasped her hands together with a gesture of despair. She could not tell him. Strong as her resolution had been to confess all and trust to his great love for her to win his forgiveness, it failed her now; his own words had told her how such a confession would be received. Had she not won his love under false pretences?—had she not been base and treacherous? And that falsehood, that treachery, that was the sin which he had told her he could not forgive.

She clenched her hands so tightly that the nails entered her delicate flesh, and bit her lips to force back the cry of anguish which rose to her lips as she sank down heavily in the chair from which she had arisen, heartbroken and despairing. She would be passive now, and drift with the tide which had overtaken her, she thought wearily, perhaps—that gleam of hope shone through the darkness of her despair—perhaps after all Montagu Arnold would not recognize her. She was so changed, and the circumstances were so different—the terrible circumstances under which he had seen her first; perhaps he would fail to recognize her, she would keep her sinful secret still, in spite of all, in spite of all.

"I suppose you would like something sentimental," said Sir Hugh at the piano, turning his head with a light laugh to look at the slender figure in the great armchair, and Cecil laughed, too, as she replied in the affirmative; but when he began to sing in his rich, sweet tenor, the girl felt that she needed all her self-control to keep from crying out aloud in the fierceness of her pain, while the words of his song seemed to open her bleeding wounds.

"Can I tell him?—can I tell him?" the girl was thinking desperately, as she crouched in the softly-cushioned chair. "Can I tell him? Ah, the effort would kill me, I think, to-night!"

Softly and tenderly, with a touch of pathos in its melody, the last verse of the song rose in the silent room.

With a crashing chord Sir Hugh rose.

"There, is that sentimental enough for you?" he said lightly. "I won't bother you to sing this evening, dear, you look so tired."

"I am tired," she said faintly. "Hugh, you will not be angry if I send you away now: I—"she paused, and her voice broke—"I am so tired to-night."

"I will go; but you must promise me to go bed and have a good sleep," he said tenderly. "You look like a white, white rose, to-night!"

"I am tired," she said again, in a faint, low voice; and for the first time since their engagement, she let him go to the door alone, and leave the house without going with him to the porch for a last farewell.

But although she had promised him that she would go to rest and try to sleep, she sat still where he had left her, only that now her arms were crossed upon the table, and her head lay prone upon them, far into the quiet summer night. She might have sat there, crushed and prostrate, until dawn, save that presently Mrs. Geith came softly in, in her dressing-gown, and tenderly lifting the sunk head, looked anxiously into the great wide eyes which, with a sightless stare in them, looked upward into hers.

"I have been so anxious, dear," Laura said gently. "Sir Hugh is gone?"

"Yes."

"And you told him all?"

"I told him—I could tell him—nothing."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Musical Elephant.—An elephant was advertised in Florence to play a sonata on the piano. A great crowd assembled, and money was refused at the doors. There was a very solid platform and a grand piano.

The elephant "came on," and was received with deafening applause. The *impressario* led it up to the instrument, when suddenly it turned tail and walked away. Nothing could be done to induce it to come back, and the audience got excited, and seemed to think they were the victims of a fraud. Whereupon the manager addressed them, and announced that the animal, usually so docile, had recognised in the ivory of the keyboard of the piano the teeth of its mother, and positively declined to play on that instrument.

The Italian audience was as much amused with the story as they expected to be with the sonata, and the elephant, coming on again and doing a few tricks, was cheered; and dangerous consequences were averted.

In Europe there is a proverb, according to which the visit of a sovereign to a subject always carries a great misfortune in its train. In most cases it is looked upon as a certain forerunner of approaching death.

Bric-a-Brac.

The Dunkards.—The wing of the Dunkard Church known as the Old Order has been holding its annual session in Canton, O. The adherents of this wing are very conservative, and their mode of worship is exceedingly crude. They eat what is known as the Passover, which is composed of soup made of beef. They have large bowls out of which six or eight will eat at once. After the feast these Dunkards indulge in what they term the holy kiss—man kissing man, and woman kissing woman. Then the men wash one another's feet, and the women go through the same ceremony, after which preaching then goes on.

Fat Wives.—On the banks of the Senegal, and among many African tribes, the matrimonial prize most sought after is abundance of flesh. To obtain corpulence is regarded as the only real comeliness. A female who can move with the aid of two men is but a moderate beauty, while the lady who cannot stir, and is only to be moved on a camel, is esteemed a perfect paragon. Nor is this queer fancy for obesity in women confined to savages in the torrid zone, since we read on a work in Russia, that "in order to possess any pre-eminent degree of loveliness, a woman must weigh at least two hundred weight." The Empress Elizabeth, and Catharine II., both accounted very fine women, were of this massive kind.

Shaved His Beard.—When Louis VII., of France, to obey the injunctions of his bishops, cropped his hair and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his queen, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II., of England. She had for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne, and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. All which, probably, had never occurred, had Louis VII. not been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he became so disfigured in the eyes of Queen Eleanor.

The Russian Priest's Wife.—There is only one happy woman in Russia; it is the priest's wife; and it is a common mode of expression to say, "as happy as a priest's wife." The reason why she is happy is because her husband's position depends upon her. If she dies he is deposed, and becomes a mere layman; his property is likewise taken away from him and distributed, half to his children, and half to the government. This dreadful contingency makes the Russian priest careful to get a healthy wife, if he can, and makes him take extraordinary good care of her after he has got her. He waits upon her in the most abject way. She must never get her feet wet, and she is petted and put in hot blankets if she has so much as a cold in her head. It is the greatest possible good fortune for a girl to marry a priest; infinitely better than to be the wife of a noble.

Plucked.—After each batch of new made graduates at Oxford University in England have had a Latin incantation mumbled over them by the Vice-Chancellor, two Proctors—in the presence not only of the University officials and students, but also of any outsider who chooses to look on—sheepishly stride up the long room and back again without saying or doing anything. At first there is an attempt at solemnity in their gait, but after the senseless exercise has been repeated two or three times, they look, as they doubtless feel, thoroughly wretched; the effort to appear dignified, and the desire to get it over as soon as possible, combine to produce one of the most comical effects ever seen. The reason for this absurd performance is not far to seek. In ancient days any tradesman who had money owing him from an undergraduate might arrest the Proctor's course by plucking his sleeve, and so prevent the defaulter from taking his degree till his debt had been discharged. Few people know that this is the real origin of the term "plucked" as applied to failure in a college examination, in this country as well as in Europe.

Since the foundation of the world man has had nearly all the forces on his side, working with him and for him; his intellect has been stimulated, while that of woman has been abused; he has had the run of the world and all quickening and brightening things, while she has sat in the cinders, and until of late been illumined only by his reflected light.

THE PATH OF LOVE.

BY L. A. P.

My feet have wandered into pleasant places,
Where love looks out from every blade of grass;
And God's sweet flowers lift up their happy faces,
To give me smile of welcome as I pass.

The grand old trees stretch forth their arms to bless me,
And singing birds thrill to me from above;
While summer's softest winds pause to caress me,
And bring me tender messages of love.

Even the low weeds so scorned and slighted—
Return the sympathy I give to them:
I praise their homely worth—and uninvited
They bow their heads to kiss my garment's hem.

Folded within the heart of each glad morning
Are beauties old, and yet for ever new;
I drink the glorious splendor of their dawning
As thirsty blossoms drink the wayside dew.

I may not reveal in the costly splendor
That they possess who kneel at Mammon's shrine,
But the most perfect gifts God's love can tender,
Home, health, and untold happiness are mine.

My woman's heart can ask no greater blessing,
No sweeter lot than that vouchsafed to me;
To fill life's hours in loving and caressing
The little child that prattles at my knee.

And so I revel in the wealth of beauty
That greets my eyes around, below, above;
And think how pleasant is the path of duty,
When all the way lies through the path of love.

A FLOWER OF FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILD WARRINGTONS," "LIKE LOST SHEEP," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

I SLEPT badly on that night of Leigh Eversleigh's brief sojourn at Arley Bridge; and, as a matter of course, in the morning I awoke but ill refreshed and feeling far from well.

When Lady Tracy's maid Emilia brought the warm water for my bath, I told her to give my love to the Viscountess and to say that I should not come downstairs to breakfast.

I would rather take it—merely some tea and a little dry toast—alone in my own dressing-room.

Emilia, in her province, was a treasure. The tea and the toast which she appeared with by-and-by were precisely as one would wish to have them.

A tepid bath and this slight breakfast seemed to do me a great deal of good.

About ten o'clock I went down stairs; and, with a book which at the time I was reading, and a Chinese umbrella in case a shield of the kind were needed, I forthwith made my way out into the fresh air of the garden.

It was a lovely morning—warm, clear, and with a high and cloudless sky—a real foretaste of the summer that was now so near at hand.

The turf of the wide neat lawns was hardly yet dry; in the shade the dew still lingered, glistening upon drooping grasses and budding fronds; in the sunlight floated the fairy gossamer, perhaps like the severed threads in the magic web of the Lady of Shalott.

Industriously the bees went humming from flower to flower, plainly loving best the tall old-fashioned ones; a blackbird, "with orange-tawny bill," was piping flute-like in the twisted old mulberry-tree hard by the library window.

The leaves had thickened early this beautiful spring-time.

The gardeners had already set out the rustic seats and tables in the pleasantest corners of the Arley Bridge grounds.

Not far from the house, sheltered by noble elms, there was a kind of grotto, where a pool for gold-fish had been sunk and made picturesque—built round, as it was, with great rugged stones and gnarled brown roots from the Arley woods; with mosses and ferns growing luxuriantly about the brink of it, and dipping their delicate greenery into the cool dusky water.

The broad leaves of the water-lily too floated stilly there upon the unruffled pool; the close-shut pale-green buds of the lovely flower itself as yet showed no sign of bursting; and the fish sought shelter beneath these wide smooth leaves, occasionally gleaming far down in the water like jewels seen in the dark.

Here I seated myself upon a wooden seat—it was a favorite haunt of mine—and, forgetting the book that I had brought with me out-of-doors, fell to listening idly to the cawing of the rooks in the faintly rustling elm-tops overhead.

How harsh and solemn sounded the monotonous "caw-caw" of the grim old patient parent birds!

How peevish and discordant were the cries of the young ones, calling out insatiably for the living dainties foraged for their benefit from the moist hill-side!

So it went on, "caw-caw," throughout the livelong day.

With a start I brought my eyes earthward; footsteps were approaching. I perceived then that the garden door in the library passage was wide open, and that Lord Tracy and his wife were coming towards me.

Aurora herself, rather to my surprise, was dressed for traveling, looking simply bewitching in a perfectly-fitting brown tailor-made gown and a most captivating brown straw "princess" bonnet trimmed with brown velvet and a bunch of bright yellow cowslips.

Lord Tracy, too, was wearing a new spring overcoat, a white scarf and gold horse-shoe pin.

There was "Bond Street" in every seam of this young man's clothes.

"What, are you going to town?" I exclaimed involuntarily, when Lady Tracy kissed me in her hearty affectionate fashion and the Viscount had crushed my hand within his, fervently hoping that I was "a lot better."

"Yes, I have some shopping to do," briskly replied Aurora; "and I intend to try Whiteley's for a change; and Loftus is going to Cribb's and then on to Tattersall's. So we shall lunch in town, and don't wait, dear Flower."

"I presume Mr. Eversleigh will accompany you, Lord Tracy?" observed I, carelessly turning to the young man, who was pressing against his teeth the silver crook of his walking-stick.

"Well, no, Mrs. Darkwood," hesitated he, thus suddenly appealed to, flushing rather pink and glancing at Aurora for wifely guidance, uncertain as to whether he was saying "the right thing" or was "putting his foot in it," as he would have expressed it; "we are driving, you see, to-day; and Eversleigh will come on later by train, he says. He's writing letters in the library, isn't he, Aurora?"

"Yes; but when we are out of the way, my dear boy, he is coming out to talk to Mrs. Darkwood. So we will be off," replied she.

"Aurora," I said somewhat stiffly, "I should very much like to go to town with you this morning. I too have some shopping to do—I remember now; and, if you will wait for me, I shall not be five minutes putting on my things——"

"Out of the question, my dear!" cried Aurora blithely. "I am going with Loftus in that new American dog-cart of his, it's an awfully high and perilous-looking affair, so don't be in the least astonished if we come to grief. I wouldn't for the world, Flower, have you risk your neck; and, if Loftus breaks mine, I'll never forgive him!"

"Oh, I say, that's good!" put in his lordship, smiling delightedly, as if his wife had said a really brilliant thing.

"I rather like a high dog-cart," I cried quickly and without reflection. "Can I not go, Aurora?"

"I am very sorry—I think not. It would look too droll, dear Flower, I fancy, to see you perched up on the basket-seat by the side of Dickson, you know. You must wait until to-morrow; and then we'll have the carriage and go together, dear, wherever you like. Good-bye!"

She laughed gaily, waved a faultlessly bronze-gloved hand, and hurried her husband away towards the front of the house, almost before that obedient young man himself could snatch off his hat in adieu.

Aurora was still his bright exacting empress; he still remained her most willing and adoring slave.

Alone again in the pleasant shadow of the grotto under the elms, I began to wonder how, after our emotional parting of the previous night, I and Leigh Eversleigh would meet on this day.

For, after all, regarding the question from a calm and common-sense point of view, it was ridiculous to think of running from him.

He had something to say to me; and he must say it.

To avoid him at Arley Bridge was for me, it seemed, impossible—flight was absurd; he himself, I thought feverishly, would have left the house ere the day ended; and then, and not before, should I know peace of mind once more.

The earlier he went the happier I should feel, I told myself restlessly.

Let the interview, then, whatever might be the nature of it, be got over as quickly as possible.

Let me be free again and alone, I cried querulously in my heart, to settle unaided the course of my future life! What had Leigh Eversleigh to do with it!

Even as my thoughts ran thus busily and impatiently, with perfect self-possession he joined me in the garden and sat down by my side upon the rustic seat.

With his own genial smile he inquired after my health; hoped that I was better—he assured me that I was looking so—or, at all events, was likely to feel no ill effects from my imprudence of the foregoing evening.

He remarked upon the extraordinary loveliness of the day—the sweetness and beauty of the Arley Bridge grounds—the bright kindness and hospitality of Lord and Lady Tracy.

"How contented and happy they seem together," said Leigh; and I agreed quietly that they did—moreover, believed with him that they were in truth so.

But we did not shake hands with each other, he and I.

Was the omission of the act, I wondered, not without a pang of discontent, due to him or to me—his fault or mine?

Again, as on the night before, I realized that Leigh Eversleigh was not the Leigh Eversleigh of the old Chesterfield Avenue and Thangate days.

Yet how subtle, how indefinable was the change in him!

Kind, winningly kind, friendly and courteous he certainly was; but, ah, again there was no mistaking the fact—he was cold and distant withal!

Perhaps it was as well: his self-command enabled me to preserve my own.

However, self-possessed as I appeared outwardly, I remember that my heart-beats were stormy enough.

Very soon Mr. Eversleigh pulled out his watch.

"I must catch the 12-25 from Arley up to town," he observed thoughtfully, "for old Mr. Jones, I recollect, is coming to lunch with me at my chambers to-day."

"Indeed!" said I chillingly.

"Yes. So pardon me, Mrs. Darkwood, if I hurry on to tell you what I have to say—what I came down to Arley Bridge expressly to talk over with you—with you and nobody else."

"It would be a pity to miss your train, Mr. Eversleigh. Believe me, I am listening."

I put aside my book and Chinese umbrella leisurely, laying them for the present upon the seat at my side, and folded my hands in my lap.

He glanced at me keenly, then said, without further preamble—

"Lady Tracy tells me, Mrs. Darkwood, that, if you can in any manner make arrangements with the Lady Abbess, it is your intention to enter the Sisterhood of the Convent of St. Cordelia?"

"That is quite right."

"It is a singular decision," mused Leigh aloud.

"Singular," I echoed, with something like scorn—"how so? Am I then the first unhappy woman, think you, who has grown sick of the world and of life, and who longs with a passionate longing for that peace which the world cannot give? It may not be exactly heaven within those convent walls; nevertheless there are to be found within them tranquility of mind, hard, useful work, and, above all, a peace that is as the reflex of the peace of heaven itself. I ask—I expect no more so long as I live."

"It is a Catholic sisterhood," suggested Leigh very gravely.

"I know it," I answered, as quietly and as gravely as he.

"Mrs. Darkwood, have I your whole attention?" inquired Leigh.

The gentleness and gravity were gone from his voice; his manner was once more prompt and business-like, but kind as ever.

"Of course," I replied, with some impatience. "I told you that you had a minute ago."

"Good."

And then Mr. Eversleigh at once proceeded to make clear to me the errand which had brought him down to Arley Bridge.

"It is an odd circumstance," said he, with another glance at his watch, "that I should have arrived here for the purpose which I have in mind precisely at a time when you have determined upon the taking of so serious a step. You say that you are sick of the world and its ways; that you long for quiet, peace, and yet not an idle tranquility—a retired life, in short, and a useful one? I think that I can help you to find what you now desire, Mrs. Darkwood, without your going to the grave length of entering a Catholic sisterhood like that of St. Cordelia."

"You can—you really can?" I said quickly, glancing at him with interest and strong curiosity combined.

"Yes. I daresay you have not forgotten our conversation about Redknights; I mean the conversation we had about the old house and its people when we were at Thangate last year?" Leigh said, hesitating a little now.

"Redknights?" I echoed faintly.

"Yes, Redknights—Daryl Darkwood's old home," replied Leigh, this time quite firmly. "Surely you remember?"

"I remember perfectly," I assured him in a low voice.

"Well, Mrs. Darkwood, it rests with yourself," said Mr. Eversleigh impressively. "You can—should it so please you—there, in the old home of your husband, down in Buckinghamshire, for a certainty find the quiet and useful life which your soul is at present yearning for. Listen to me—do be advised by me—I beg you, Mrs. Darkwood! Dismiss forthwith that solemn and uncomfortable thought of immuring yourself within narrow, dreary convent walls, and bravely go and do the good work that awaits you—at Redknights."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

REDKNIGHTS, of all places in the world! What did Mr. Eversleigh mean?

Why, how on earth should I, the unknown wife of Daryl Darkwood, go to the old home of my lost husband, the doors of which had been for so long closed against him—the old home from which for his sins he had been so long an exile? Why—how—should I go? For me it was too extraordinary to comprehend.

I had never set eyes upon Redknights; I had never expected to do so.

In my hearing Daryl himself had never in any manner spoken of the home of his grandfather, the fine old family place and estate to which he, Daryl, had once been the acknowledged heir.

And now here, to my unspeakable amazement, was Leigh Eversleigh assuring me that a peaceful life and good work also awaited me—Flower Darkwood—at Redknights!

Figuratively speaking, Mr. Eversleigh had taken away my breath.

"I do not in the least understand you!" I stammered at last.

"I will explain it all to you as briefly as I can," he answered readily; and he did so—I an eager listener meanwhile.

It appeared that quite recently Mr. Eversleigh had himself been staying down in Buckinghamshire at Gaveston Priory, having gone thither on a few days' visit to his friend Rollo Gaveston, the elder brother of the young man Marc Gaveston, the whilom bachelor-friend of Viscount Tracy, whom, in company with his lordship, I had met last year by the sea.

Gaveston Priory, as I was already aware, as the crow flies, was but a mile or so distant from Redknights, the ancestral home of the Darkwoods.

As a friend and connection of the Darkwood family, Leigh Eversleigh, as a matter of course, had gone to Redknights to call on Mrs. Eversleigh—the widow of that soldier-"cousin" of his who years before had died of fever in India—and her father, the old Squire, Daryl's grandfather.

Both Mrs. Eversleigh and her father were confirmed invalids, and inhabited different portions of the old mansion.

In fact, the Squire, now a very old man indeed, and long since by his manifold troubles and infirmities hopelessly broken in health, was now in a dotage state—nothing less; a quite helpless and childish old man, Leigh said.

A faithful valet, grown gray in service at Redknights, was in attendance upon the aged Squire both day and night.

The entire management of the estate was in admirable hands, those of a shrewd and an honest agent who had been the Squire's business-manager for many years past. Life at Redknights being an affair so quiet, so simple, so wholly uneventful in every direction, the expenses of the household were in consequence absurdly small for the position of a family as wealthy as were the Darkwoods.

Therefore, at the Squire's death, hinted Mr. Eversleigh, a rich inheritance necessarily fell to the lot of—well to the lot of whosoever might ultimately inherit the old man's wealth. Doubtless, in the first instance, Daryl being disinherited, utterly disowned, the cast-off, it would all pass naturally enough to Mrs. Eversleigh—Daryl's aunt—should she survive her father.

But her own was so frail and uncertain a life—one so unlikely to touch even the borderland of old age—what was to become of the Redknights and all the fat lands appertaining thereunto when Marion Eversleigh also should have gone to her rest?

It was a serious reflection, Leigh said earnestly; for Daryl Darkwood was unquestionably the rightful heir.

What was to become of all this carefully-garnered wealth, should the old squire die—as he might any day—in his present childish yet obstinate condition of mind, unrelenting, inexorable, hard and unforgiving to the last?

"Now, Mrs. Darkwood," said Leigh boldly, "it seems to me that your duty lies straight before you. A noble revenge is, as it were, brought easily within your grasp. Take the opportunity that is now open to you, of heaping coals of fire upon Daryl's head and go, just as early as you can make it convenient to start, to Redknights."

My companion bewildered me. I could neither follow him nor catch drift of his meaning. I told him so.

"Really you must put things more plainly to me if you wish me to comprehend what it is you are advising," I said rather helplessly.

"I will. I hope sincerely that my proposition will carry no offence with it—nay, I believe that you are too sensible a woman, Mrs. Darkwood," he said gently, "to be offended where no offence is meant, but only honest, wholesome, practical advice. To the point, then. For a number of years gone by—in reality ever since, or almost ever since, the date of the tragic shock which befel her in the loss of her beloved only child—Mrs. Eversleigh has been accustomed to keep in her service at Redknights, a person of superior manners and education, who has always been to her (or who should have been so) a kind of friend, companion and nurse sometimes, in one—one who has brought with her a fair knowledge of and experience in domestic matters generally, and who has been qualified to consult with the housekeeper, Mrs. Jessamy, in all important questions relating to household affairs. Mrs. Eversleigh's attendant and companion must likewise be able to read aloud distinctly, to write a good clear hand, be cheerful in demeanor yet noiseless in movement; and, of course, above everything, at all times patient and forbearing—if that be possible—with the occasionally querulous moods of a delicate and nervous sufferer. The salary which Mrs. Eversleigh offers to this companion-nurse of hers is, I believe she told me, either fifty or sixty pounds a year," said Leigh, with a sort of quizzically-inquiring smile at me; "but you perceive that the post is no sinecure, Mrs. Darkwood. Do you follow me now?"

"Yes; now I begin to. At least—at least I fancy I do," was my faint reply. Many thoughts and sensations were astir within my brain.

"The first person who ever went to Redknights," calmly continued Leigh, "in the capacity of Mrs. Eversleigh's constant attendant, was a Miss Strong. She remained at the old house for more than fourteen years; and Mrs. Eversleigh had become greatly attached to her. But the day came when Miss Strong left her service to sail for Australia, to be married to a man, the lover of her girlhood, who as a lad had gone out to make a home for her in Melbourne. Since Miss Strong's departure poor Mrs. Eversleigh has been terribly unfortunate in the numberless young women who have been recommended to her from various quarters as likely or certain to be all that she required of them.

"One or two perhaps have remained with her for a year, some merely for a few months; others have deserted her at the end of a week or so. Some would not stop; others, on account of their vulgarity and ignorance and their deplorable lack of training in the most ordinary duties of life, she could not endure to have anywhere near her, but one and all of them, it appears,

before quitting Redknights, have been thoroughly unanimous upon one point at least—namely, that the quiet and monotony of the big desolate house were more than common flesh and blood could stand. The unearthly stillness of the place, the absence of all stir and excitement within as well as without its walls, set them crazy, they averred.

"It was unnatural; no mortal could bear it; one might just as well, when one was about it, be buried alive in a foreign nunnery, declared the last of the tribe, who—during my late brief stay at Gaveston Priory—packed up her belongings and fled from Redknights at the expiration of a ten-day's sojourn there. With all this unlucky experience to try her feeble nerves, you will readily conceive that Mrs. Eversleigh has never cease to deplore the loss of her old friend and companion, Miss Strong, and, I think not without reason, feels convinced that, look where she may, she will never be fortunate enough to meet with her like again."

"And at the present moment," I said slowly—"at the present moment, then, I presume, your friend Mrs. Eversleigh, is without any one at all in the character of special attendant on her at Redknights, and has obtained your assistance in the apparently difficult business of finding for her a suitable person? Is that it, Mr. Eversleigh?"

"Precisely," he answered cheerfully. "When I saw her the other day down in Buckinghamshire, she besought me to make every inquiry for the purpose in view amongst my friends in town—they might be of some help in the matter she hoped and believed; and only yesterday I received a letter from Redknights—written, I should imagine, by old Mrs. Jessamy at Mrs. Eversleigh's dictation—asking whether I had been successful in my quest or was eventually likely to be so. I have as yet sent no reply to that letter. I shall send one by-and-by—to-day, I hope. You now, I am sure, fully comprehend what I mean—what it is that I am strenuously advising you to do, Mrs. Darkwood? There is no further occasion to beat about the bush?" he smiled.

"You think," I said, the words costing me no slight effort—"you think that—that I am the suitable person who is so anxiously sought by this Mrs. Eversleigh—that it is I who should lose no time in offering myself as a candidate for the—the situation?"

"I do," he said.

"You think," I said, not without an accent of bitterness "that between the deadly quiet of Redknights and the holy calm of the Convent of St. Cordelia the balance as regards monotony is about equal—that the one for me would be as good a refuge as the other, the distractions of the world being shut out from both, but silence and hard work from neither?"

Leigh smiled—a smile that was just a trifle sad and thoughtful.

"You say that you yearn for peace and quiet, and yet at the same time you are desirous to find good work," he observed. "Surely it must be better to seek these things in a quiet and thoroughly English home in the country than in a rigid sisterhood in noisy London? Do you not agree with me?" he persisted.

"Mr. Eversleigh, you have some other motive," I said dully, ignoring this last direct question, "in persuading me to go to Redknights. You hinted as much a few minutes ago."

"Yes," was his frank reply—"I said that your going to Daryl Darkwood's home would be the means of bringing a noble revenge within your reach. Once obtain," said Leigh more wistfully—"not perhaps, I allow, by altogether fair dealing, but the object in view, remember, is a high and a generous one—a footing within that old country-house down in Buckinghamshire, and you, Mrs. Darkwood, a gentlewoman, educated, refined, gifted in no ordinary measure, will very quickly win the heart and the confidence of the invalid mistress of Redknights.

"You will win the heart and the sympathy of Mrs. Eversleigh—in all probability, by your talents, your many attainments, you will arouse both interest and delight in the obstinate old Squire himself. Woman's wit, you know, can compass wonders—particularly the wit of a clever woman. He is but a very old man, a very feeble old man, with his weak points, after all. You will ere long, I predict, win the hearts of both father and daughter; and then——"

"Yes—and then?" I broke out very hoarsely.

"And then," quietly continued my companion, "you can make yourself known to the Squire and to his daughter Marion, and intercede with them for—from them, win forgiveness for the exiled heir, your husband. You will accomplish this, believe me. To you, I am convinced, it will be no impossible task. In real sorrow for him, I admit that Daryl has treated you very basely, Mrs. Darkwood; would it not therefore be, as I have said, a noble thing to——"

I started up from the garden-seat with a passionate gesture of rebellion and dissent, my quivering hands locked tightly together.

"Not that," I cried wildly, when I could speak—"oh, not that! It would inevitably lead to our coming together again. He would compel me to live with him, I know it, and the old life, the old misery of it all, would begin over again!"

For some moments in silence Leigh Eversleigh sat with his head slightly bowed.

He did not raise it to look at me when he said:

"Perhaps, who can tell? Daryl Darkwood might become a different man, the man he was, say, in the days when you married him—if once he were to learn that he was forgiven at Redknights. To know that he was restored to his grandfather's favor, that his future was once more as safe as it seemed to him in the days of his careless youth, all this would cast a very different hue over life and life's possibilities. He is reckless now; he would be——"

"The man who married me six years ago was not the real Daryl Darkwood," I interrupted gloomily. "The real man has revealed himself since. I never wish to see him again; and voluntarily I never will."

"You are husband and wife," Leigh said; but still his brave clear eyes were turned from me—he did not look up.

"You need not remind me of the fact," I answered passionately.

"I fancy," said Leigh, as it pondering the question—"indeed I am sure of it—that Daryl's gratitude would in no wise be insincere, should you consent to render him this great service I speak of—I mean, of winning back for him his lost birthright. For justly it is his birthright. He was reared in the notion that Redknights and all belonging to it would one day be his own."

"I do not want his gratitude," I answered doggedly. "If he has forfeited this birthright of his, he deserves to lose it. Let it go!"

Leigh checked a sigh, roused himself, and, turning suddenly to me, said, in the old prompt kindly way:

"Mrs. Darkwood, you will go to Redknights; will you not?"

"I do not know. I cannot decide in a hurry. It wants thinking over, much thinking over," faltered I.

For the third time he looked at his watch.

"In ten minutes I must say good-bye. I will give you ten minutes in which to make up your mind."

So announcing, he sprang to his feet, and stood there facing me.

"Surely you can make up your mind in ten minutes?" he smiled.

"Mr. Eversleigh," I said hurriedly, "which—which would you yourself have me do?"

"Why do you ask when you know so well?" he answered gravely.

And with that he strolled away, his head a little bent, his hands behind his back, to a path hard by overshadowed by the elms—a kind of ride bordered here and there with lilac and syringa trees and groups of denser shrubs—whilst I sank back upon the rough garden-seat and pressed my face into my hands.

My thoughts, in a singular tumult, were warring together; duty, inclination, pride, passion, a sense of loneliness, a longing for the mental ease which only a restful conscience and a freedom from all gnawing uncertainty and doubt can ever bestow, were one and all, as it were, having something to say and pulling different ways. What ought I to do?

How ought I to decide? Which was the right road?

Which was the wrong? Which course in the end would yield me the absolute calm and content for which my fainting soul so passionately hungered?

Under the elms, by the flowering lilac and syringa, paced Leigh Eversleigh, never once glancing towards me or even towards the grotto near which I sat tormented, never once as he walked raising his eyes from the ground.

The ten minutes were flown. Back he came to me.

Now that he was really going away, he held out his hand. My own was chill and unsteady as it lay shut within Leigh's strong clasp. He said cheerily and confidently:

"You will go, after all, to Redknights? We have settled it so, then, have we not?"

"I want to do what is right, to please you, in fact. I cannot bear the thought that you should be vexed with—disappointed in me. You have been so—so very, very good to me," was the broken piteous whisper in reply.

"Mrs. Darkwood, do you know that you have made me extremely happy," he said hastily, "that you have lifted a really serious weight from my mind? Without your help, where is the world, I wonder, should I have discovered the rara avis whose appearance at Redknights my kinswoman, Marion Eversleigh, is so anxiously awaiting? Thank you a hundred times. I do not think that you will ever regret your good decision of this morning."

"Stay, one moment!" I cried, nervously withdrawing my hand. "I discern many difficulties ahead, Mr. Eversleigh. Things cannot be hurried along in this reckless fashion—it is so like a man. For instance, there is my name! How can I boldly enter Daryl's old home in—in my own name, which is his? It is impossible," I said blankly. "And there are other awkwardnesses, other uncertainties—I foresee so many!"

"Take my word for it, they will all of them vanish," lightly replied Mr. Eversleigh, "before the force of careful thinking-out and determined operation. Write to me, will you? the old Temple address, you know; it will always find me, and I will write back to you with all the helpful suggestions that may occur to me. I fancy that I shall not be at Arley again for some time to come—still there is the post. A new name pro tem is of course indispensable; it goes without saying, Mrs. Darkwood, in the circumstances. But that is a minor difficulty, and can easily be met, easily overcome. You must write to me about it, as I say, and we will put our heads together, and see what can be done. I shall send a line to Mrs. Eversleigh by this evening's post," added Leigh, in the best of spirits, "to tell her that I have been fortunate enough to find the rara avis at Arley Bridge, in Hertfordshire. My letter will be welcome, you may be sure. And now it will be a rush for it, or I shall lose my train. Good-bye!"

Somehow, in a vague odd way, I hardly knew why, but it was so, his light-heartedness at parting irritated me, jarred upon me, my own nerves, I suppose, being attuned to a gentle melancholy.

And so, with a flash of the old defiance and rebellion, I cried out:

"No matter in what direction, whether as sick-nurse or as intercessor, I may ultimately succeed at Redknights, it will make no difference, Mr. Eversleigh, to me and Daryl. We are nothing to each other, and we never can be anything to each other again. Should he ever again, at any time, enter the house which you say should by right be his home, at the same moment do I quit it. He will continue, whatever may happen, to go his way, I to go mine. Please understand that."

"We must trust to the future," replied Leigh, with a smile which appeared to me at once joyous and enigmatical. "Once more good-bye!"

He raised his hat, and was gone. With mournful eyes, and with that feeling of vague dissatisfaction which I cared not to analyse still asserting its presence in my breast, I gazed after him.

Why should Leigh Eversleigh be so eager to see me installed at Redknights in the character of "companion" to the old Squire's daughter, the invalid Marion Eversleigh—why so glad when he had wrung from me a promise that I would do as he desired in the risky business? Was it solely on Daryl's account, or was it not?

Could it be that in the background he had some other motive as yet unexplained?

Certainly it was not like Leigh Eversleigh, I thought dreamily, to counsel the following of devious paths—the hoisting of false colors.

And without much deception, the stooping to false pretences, how was I to cross the threshold of the Darkwoods' ancient home?

Well, it was Leigh's plot, his risky inspiration, not mine.

I was in his hands. If evil or catastrophe should ensue of the venture, he, not I, must take the blame of it.

Strange of Leigh Eversleigh! So cold, so kind, at times so singularly unlike his genial and winning self; and yet so joyous when he parted from me, when he said good-bye!

Was I never again to know the frank old friend of the past?

How much his coming across my life-path had meant! Kind Heaven, how much indeed!

After all, reflected I wistfully, would it not be the better, the safer, the altogether wiser course, to shut myself up from the world within St. Cordelia's convent walls? The world, even at gloomy silent Redknights, might be full of pitfalls.

Worse off than "a stranger in a strange land" should I be in the home of the Darkwoods!

But I had given my promise to Leigh; I could not now draw back. How would it all end?

Thoughtfully I made my way indoors, and gave up the riddle, since I could not solve it.

It must be left patiently to time, to old Time, the magician—him who, with his grim scythe and hour-glass, works wonders, likewise solves mysteries.

In time, sighed I to myself, everything perhaps would be made clear. Yes—patience!

* * * * * *

Towards five o'clock on a cloudy and chilly afternoon at the beginning of the second week in May, Lord and Lady Tracy, together with a friend of theirs, a woman who was attired in neat and inexpensive mourning garments, and who called herself Frances Deane, were standing upon the busy departure-platform of the railway-terminus at Paddington.

Alas for the treachery, the delusive promises of an English spring!

The lovely April weather was a thing of the past, a sweet memory, nothing more; and May, the poet's darling, the "merry month" of flowers, song and sunshine, had followed in quite sulky fashion.

She had brought with her an east wind which chilled one to the marrow, and frequent cold showers that were even worse—fine, cruel rain that, driving slantwise, smote one like powdered glass.

The Viscountess, with a shiver of disgust, had gone back to her richest furs.

The first bell had just been rung for the train that was about to start. Lord Tracy, a sudden thought striking him, made a dash for the bookstall near.

"I think you had better get in now," observed the Viscountess, in her bright brisk way—but her eyes, as she spoke, I could not help remarking, shone curiously, and she quickly pulled down her veil—"or you may lose your corner; and that would be a pity now you've got it."

We were close to the car door; and I entered the compartment at once. Aurora remained standing by the open door.

"Oh, Flower, my dear, my dear," exclaimed she, in a forced playful tone—"or ought I not to say 'my dear Mrs. Deane—eh?—I am forgetting—I am so sorry to lose you! Keep a brave heart; things will come right by-and-by; and, whatever happens to you, do not quite forget your loving old friend Aurora!"

"Have no fear," I said.

Just then it was all that I could say, my heart was too heavy and too full. She had held me close to her bosom before leaving Arley Bridge.

She was by far too sensible to care for a sentimental farewell in public.

Lord Tracy himself had insisted upon getting my ticket—a first-class one—being hurt and indignant when I had tendered him my purse; and we had arrived early enough at the great noisy station to secure for my comfort a snug corner seat in the train which was to carry me down into Buckinghamshire.

"Hazel is your station, Mrs. Darkwood—don't forget," had said his lordship cheerily, fancying perhaps from my appearance that I wanted cheering up—"merely a few miles beyond High Whitfield, don't you know?"

I knew no more than the dead.

"Yours is a capital train," he chatted on—"don't even change at Maidenhead. You'll find yourself at Hazel, I shouldn't wonder, quite by half-past six. I have been down that way myself, you see, in my bachelor days, and know the line pretty well—I mean when I've stopped at Gaveston Priory."

The good-natured young man returned from the bookstall just as the last bell was clanging out.

He was laden with all sorts of magazines, society journals, and "shilling dreadfuls," and he heaped them upon the vacant seat opposite to me.

"There, Mrs. Deane," said he shyly—"you won't be dull now."

And I thanked him with a poor smile—the best I could give him.

The only other traveler in my compartment was a remarkably ugly old lady in a large mushroom shaped hat and a green-and-black plaid cloak. She looked very cross—altogether unamiable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHARACTER IN FINGER NAILS. — Poets and imaginative people are apt to have long, taper fingers and beautiful finger-nails. They have a handwriting in which the long up-strokes and down-strokes cut into the lines above and beneath them. The heads of their capital letters are large. This handwriting shows ardor and impulse. When it has a markedly downward movement this handwriting shows a tendency to melancholy.

An aptitude for criticism is shown among people who bite their nails. They are cynical and severe, uncharitable and bitter. They write a small, cramped and illegible hand. However, there may be good-natured critics, men with versatility of comprehension. They would have small but well-shaped nails, and their handwriting would be somewhat angular, showing penetration and finesse.

The nails of a musician are to be observed, although the piano somewhat injures them. The great musicians have a sloping handwriting. There is, however, an eccentricity peculiar to the handwriting of executive musicians as witnessed in that of Beethoven.

The finger-nails of mathematicians are apt to be square and not beautiful. The handwriting of such persons shows a quiet movement of the pen. The lines are straight with the paper, the up-strokes and the down-strokes are short, while the capitals are small and angular.

Diplomacy has a long, supple hand, and a long, beautifully kept, slender finger-nail. But the handwriting of a diplomatist is not apt to be clear; it always looks like a snake gliding away. There are no clear, gigantic capitals, none of the fine curves suggestive of generosity and expansion; all is compressed and impenetrable. Certain inflexible natures express themselves both by finger-nails and by the handwriting—both are blunt and determined.

The Chinese have such long finger-nails that one might almost write with the ends of them. The tenacity of the Chinese nail, which does not break, shows that they have more lime in their bones than those of a different race.

At one time, when good Queen Anne bit her finger-nails, it was the fashion for all the English aristocracy to bite theirs; and in those days the English finger-nail was not what it is now. Fashion exerts a potent influence on man, savage or civilized.

THE KIRGHESE WAY.—There is little of love or sentiment in Kirghese courtship, as practiced among that Asiatic people. A batch of kinsmen of the would-be bridegroom approach the parents of the chosen one with presents, and among them a dish of liver and mutton-fat, which signifies that they mean matrimony. The compliment is returned, and the kinsmen of the bride decide what amount of dowry shall be paid to her parents. This may vary from forty to one hundred and twenty sheep, or from nine to forty-seven head of larger cattle, at least two-thirds of which have to be paid at once. The suitor has also to send one present and to bring a second, for which he manages to see the girl with feigned secrecy by night, and then to give another present for the right to see her by day.

Perhaps the parties have never met before: but, the present having been made, they are betrothed—so fast indeed that neither can draw back with impunity; and, should one of them die before marriage, the parents of the deceased must find another son or daughter to carry out the contract, or the amount must be returned. When the entire amount has been paid, the bridegroom claims his bride, is married, and brings her, with her trousseau, consisting of a tent and cattle, to his father's tent.

LIFE.

BY R. M.

Now fades the rosy hue from out the sky,
Gray, cold and dark the clouds are closing round,
The wind sweeps through the trees with plaintive sigh,
The sere leaves, downward flutt'ring, strew the ground.

Thus, to my heart when youth is fled, seems life—
Dark the horizon, dim and sad the scene,
With ceaseless turmoil, restless care and strife,
And clouded with that mournful might-have-been.

The sere leaves fall. What then? So sorrows, sins
Fall from us, and, oh! Allwise One, Thy power
From death brings fairer life, e'en as earth wins
Strength from decay, to nourish root, and branch, and flower.

So, weary soul! sin-stained, and tired, and sad,
Rise from thy sin to life and liberty,
Let heaven's own promise make thy future glad
With the full glory of what yet shall be.

Was It a Mistake?

BY CURTIS YORKE.

CHAPTER II.

THE room was lighted only by the fire, and a single lamp, which burned on a distant table.

Standing on the hearth-rug, looking down into the flickering flames, and leaning one elbow on the mantelpiece, was a tall, rather military-looking man, with close-cropped, iron-gray hair.

It was not Mr. Chillingly; it was not Colonel Lorimer; therefore it must be the difficile stranger, Mr. Beresford.

The brass rings of the curtains rattled slightly.

At the sound he turned, and Nina saw a pale, weary-looking face, with piercing deep-set eyes, and a stern, sad mouth, half hidden by a brown moustache.

As his eyes met Nina's, a ghastly pallor overspread his features.

"Merciful Heaven!" he articulated in low intense tones.

Nina felt the color leave her cheeks. Where had she seen that face, heard that voice, looked into those beautiful eyes before?

She advanced a few steps into the room, then stood motionless, silent, terrified.

He stood quite still also, his hand grasping the back of a chair, his breath coming very short and quick, his face white as death.

"It is true, then!" he muttered, speaking seemingly half to himself, and with a quiver of mingled awe and rapture in his deep voice (Nina remembered the voice so well). "It is true, then—the dead may return?"

He came nearer—he held out his arms towards her.

"Adela!" he whispered, in a voice that shook with half-incredulous ecstasy. "Adela speak to me!"

Some uncontrollable, irresistible impulse—influence—what you will—for which she could never afterwards account, impelled her answer.

"Geoffrey!" she breathed in low, almost inaudible tones.

A fierce, sudden light leaped into his eyes.

"Ah, my darling! my wife!" he panted, still in that passionate whisper. "Why have you come? Is it to tell me that my long, weary waiting is over at last—that my days on earth are done—that we shall be together, you and I, for all eternity?"

He came nearer still. In the dim, uncertain light his eyes seemed to burn into hers.

A spell seemed over her, which she could not have broken had her life been the forfeit.

She tried to call out, but no cry would come. He was close to her now; she felt his breath on her cheek.

In another moment she was in his arms—held close to his heart. But it was only for one brief second. With a short, sharp exclamation he released her, and staggered back.

His expression changed rapidly, and he sank down into a chair, his powerful frame trembling as a woman's might have done.

Freed from the magnetic gaze of his eyes, Nina recovered herself instantly, and, noting his extreme pallor, she advanced quickly towards him and laid her hand on his arm.

"You are ill," she said hastily, forgetting her fears for the moment.

"No, no," he muttered, waving her away. "Go—leave me."

Then in hoarse, exhausted tones he continued:

"In Heaven's name, who or what are you, who thus——"

He stopped and rose to his feet, leaning his hand heavily on a table near him. For a second or two he stood looking down at her agitated face, to which the color was slowly returning.

A strange expression, not disappointment, not relief, not mortification, and yet a mingling of all three, rested on his features.

"Pray pardon me," he said, evidently speaking with an effort, and as though he hardly knew what he said. "Pray accept my apologies, and excuse me. I—I am ill."

And, putting one hand confusedly to his head, he crossed the room, hastily parted the curtains, and was gone.

Nina sank into a chair, trembling in every limb.

What extraordinary fate had brought her here and this unhappy man under the same roof? Did Janet know that she had a raving lunatic for an inmate of her peaceful home?

Evidently not, for she sailed into the room at this moment, looking as bright and brisk as possible.

"All alone, Nina? I thought the colonel would have been down. Child, how cold and pale you look! Come closer to the fire. George is not nearly ready yet, and Mr. Beresford has only just gone upstairs. How wretchedly ill he is looking. By the way, I was going to tell you about him."

She drew a chair close to the fender, and, holding out a slender foot to the fire, went on:

"He is a widower, I forgot to tell you. He married a very pretty American girl, and they adored each other. When they had been married about a year they had a son, and Mrs. Beresford was never the same after the child was born. I don't know if she was mad, but she was next door to it. The baby died when it was only two months old; and she grew worse. Sometimes she was morbidly depressed, sometimes irritable to frenzy. She developed a singular jealousy of Mr. Beresford's cousin, a Miss Scott, who lived with them, and accused the poor fellow, who had no eyes for any one but his wife—of being in love with this cousin, and all sorts of things. At last she would not speak to her husband at all, seemed to take a dislike to him, and at times did not even seem to know him. He would not hear of having her put under restraint, for the doctors gave him hope that by-and-by she might recover her reason. So things went on in this terrible way for some months, until one night, about two years ago, she disappeared. Poor Beresford was almost like a madman himself, for he absolutely worshipped her. He followed up all possible and impossible clues, but in vain. He was just going to sail for America, when he was taken ill with brain fever in a hotel in London. Well," lowering her voice, "they need not have looked so far from home, for—some months afterwards—" here Janet stopped and shuddered—"they found her body in a large pond in a lonely part of the grounds at Cardew. She had evidently either fallen in or committed suicide, poor young thing. They say he has been almost melancholy mad ever since. He is certainly queer. Why, Nina, how you are trembling! I didn't know you were so tender-hearted."

Just then the Vicar with his wife and daughter were announced followed almost immediately by Mr. Chillingly and Colonel Lorimer.

The latter, who was an old friend of Nina's, took a seat near her, and entered into a low-toned conversation, in which, however, she took but little part.

A horrible doubt—impression—conviction—was slowly developing in her mind, one which she could scarcely put into shape and yet which grew stronger every moment.

Her answers to the gallant colonel's remarks became more wildly wide of the mark every moment, until, happily, the gong sounded for dinner.

"Where's Beresford?" said the host, for the second time.

As the words left his lips Mr. Beresford entered, calm, self-possessed, but deadly pale.

As Mrs. Chillingly introduced him to Nina, he started visibly; a half-incredulous, half-pained expression flitted over his face, but it was gone in a moment.

He bowed silently, and, in obedience to a laughing command from his hostess, offered Nina his arm, and they all went in to dinner.

Certainly he was a novelty in the way of dinner-companions, for he only addressed her once, voluntarily, during the whole of the meal, and then it was to say in low though abrupt tones:

"Pardon me, am I right in understanding that your name is Ferrers?"

"Yes," she answered, feeling horribly uncomfortable and nervous.

"Strange!" he murmured, half to himself—"very strange!"

He let his eyes rest for a moment on hers, then turned them hastily aside.

"I do not see why it should be!" returned Nina, rather haughtily.

"I beg your pardon," he said mechanically.

Then he leaned back in his chair and absently fingered the stem of his hock-glass. He ate scarcely anything, she noticed, though he drank a good deal.

Queer, Janet had said he was. Most decidedly queer!

Miss Ferrers gave an almost audible gasp of relief when her hostess rose to leave the room.

Mr. Beresford's conduct was not less eccentric when he entered the drawing-room. He at once crossed the room to where Nina was seated at the piano, at some little distance from the rest of the party.

He did not speak to her, but seated himself in a low chair a little way behind her, so that she could not see him without turning her head.

She was playing some dreamy melody of Schubert's, and as her fingers wandered over the keys she felt, though she could not see, that his eyes were bent upon her steadily.

Presently he leaned forward.

"Miss Ferrers," he said in a very low voice, "will you come into the conservatory with me for a few moments?"

She played several bars before she answered; then turning her eyes unwillingly to meet his, said somewhat nervously:

"Yes, if you wish it."

They passed into the semi-dusk of the half-lit conservatory, and Nina sat down on a green wire bench near a fragrant flowering shrub whose starry blossoms gleamed palely through the gloom.

Beresford leaned his head back against one of the slender iron columns which supported the building. He was silent for a short time; then he said abruptly:

"I owe you some apology, Miss Ferrers, for what must have seemed either idiotic folly on my part, or unwarrantable insolence. This," after a pause, "must be my excuse."

As he spoke he detached from his watch-chain a small locket, opened it, and, after looking at it for a few moments hungrily, passionately, held it towards Nina.

She bent forward, and as her eyes fell upon the delicately tinted ivory miniature it contained, she could not repress an astonished, half-indignant exclamation. It might have been her own portrait!

His eyes met hers again.

"It is my wife!" he said, and his voice was unsteady; "my dead wife!"

Nina gazed at the miniature stupidly. The resemblance was almost startling. But after a closer inspection it grew fainter.

Nina's hair was dark: the hair of the pictured girl was auburn.

Nina's eyes were brown; the other's dark blue. The mouth, too, was different; and, above all, the expression.

"You see the likeness—to yourself?" said Beresford briefly.

"Yes; oh, yes."

"Then can you understand what a shock it was to me to-night, when I saw you enter the room in the dim light? I had been thinking of her. You can, perhaps, forgive me?"

"Oh, yes, yes," she murmured again.

"And yet," he went on, looking at her steadily, "I could have sworn you called me by my name."

Nina became very pale. Beresford seated himself beside her, and went on in carefully repressed tones:

"My wife's name was also Ferrers, and you are her living image. It is strange, more than strange. Surely nothing but the tie of blood could account for such a likeness? Have you any relatives in America? I met my wife there, and we were married there."

His features contracted sharply.

"Yes," faltered Nina, "I believe I have cousins in America."

"Of the same name—Ferrers?"

"Yes," said Miss Ferrers again, feeling angrily conscious that she had been behaving like a shy, timid school-girl during the entire evening.

"In New York?"

"Yes."

"Then you and my late wife must have been cousins."

"I do not know. I never saw my American cousins at all. But as you say there is such a likeness, I suppose—I—— Mr. Beresford, I must go, the heat, I feel very faint."

"Allow me to fan you," he said very quietly.

And as he took up the fan which lay in her lap, she saw that his hand shook. She leaned back and closed her eyes for a moment.

When she looked up again she met his gaze bent upon her, steadily, piercingly.

"We have met before, Miss Ferrers," he went on in clear, cold tones.

"Met before?" she echoed faintly.

"Yes. To-night was the second occasion, if my memory serves me, upon which I have had the honor of playing the fool in your presence."

"I—I don't understand you," she faltered.

"You will pardon me, you do understand me. You cannot have forgotten, I think, how unpardonably I annoyed and insulted you one February night two years ago! I need not, I am sure," haughtily, "further recall the circumstance to your memory. However insignificant my individuality may be, I flatter myself that such besotted, driveling idiocy as I displayed upon that occasion could not fail to be remembered. It must have been a most entertaining experience for you, I imagine."

"Oh! don't!" uttered poor Nina.

"It was scarcely, however, so entertaining for me," he went on bitterly. "I acted madly, unpardonably; but I had some excuse; you had none. You know my story. At least," with a short laugh, "as Chillingly knows it, and, as you are his wife's bosom friend, I conclude you do. I was half crazed at that time by my poor wife's disappearance. Your extraordinary likeness to her—your words—your voice——"

He stopped. Nina sat pale and trembling.

She remembered too well her words—his words: the touch of his arm, of his lips!

"If I was half mad before, I think I was wholly so when I found that, as I thought, I had again lost her, my poor wife! Let me entreat you, Miss Ferrers," he continued, breathing hard and with difficulty, "in future, when you feel inclined for practical joking, take care who your victims are. Your heartless jest that night almost cost me my reason."

"Jest!" she returned very indignantly. "Is it possible you think me capable of—of——"

And here, I regret exceedingly to state, Miss Ferrers burst into angry, hysterical tears.

Her companion looked perfectly aghast.

"Miss Ferrers!" he exclaimed in extreme agitation.

She checked her sobs with a mighty effort.

"Don't speak to me!" she replied in a voice quivering with indignation. "How dare you! It is you who ought to be ashamed of your behavior that night. Nothing was further from my thoughts than jesting, I can assure you. I thought you were some dangerous madman! What was I to do? You would not listen to my entreaties; you know you would not. The only way of escape I could see was to humor you——"

Here an unruly sob checked her utterance.

"Pray, calm yourself," he said in a low voice. "I was unjust. I see, I feel, that my mad folly alone was to blame. Forgive me—do forgive me!"

He gently took her hand as he spoke, and looked at her with contrite and anxious eyes.

"I will never forgive you!" she returned passionately, snatching away her hand and rising to her feet. He rose also, looking pale and agitated.

At this moment Mrs. Chillingly entered the conservatory.

"Nina, we want you to sing——" she began, then stopped, as she noted her friend's crimson cheeks and wet, flashing eyes, and observed with amazement the changed aspect of the usually stern and indifferent Beresford.

"Miss Ferrers and I have just discovered that we are distant cousins," said Beresford gravely, seeing his hostess's surprised air.

"Cousins!" she echoed. "How very charming! Why Nina——"

But Miss Ferrers had disappeared.

How Mr. Beresford made his peace with his newly discovered relative neither very well knew.

They had no formal reconciliation; but during the days which followed they appeared to mutually bury the hatchet, and to drift into a calm bonne camaraderie which seemed eminently satisfactory to both.

Not seldom Beresford talked to her of his dead wife.

She listened sympathetically, and with her clear, wholesome good sense swept away much of what was morbid in his sorrow; nay, even lessened the sorrow itself.

But there was nothing sentimental, let me tell you, in this good fellowship. Plato himself would have viewed it with grim approval.

Their convictions, it appeared, were identical regarding many subjects. They just differed enough to give piquancy to their discussions.

Both agreed that love was a folly, and matrimony a mistake. Nina's view was that, whoever one married, one was safe before six months to wish oneself single again.

Beresford only differed from her so far as to incline to the somewhat morbid belief that the more passionately one loved, the more certain the beloved object was to change or to die.

Therefore it was clear to both that men and women were happier unwed. Nina considered, too, that woman's sphere of usefulness was narrowed by the duties of domestic life.

Beresford, that men were fools to allow one passion to enslave the heart and the senses as to stake all their chances of happiness on possessing the love of any one woman.

Thus both were calmly superior to the tender passion; the woman because she had never felt its power, the man, because he had.

So at the end of a month they parted, each feeling that they had laid the foundation of a valuable, sensible, lifelong friendship.

Having explained the above facts, I will leave it to my readers to explain what followed.

A year and a half had passed. Two men were standing, one hot June night, in the curtained doorway of a fashionably crowded ball-room in Mayfair.

"By Jove!" said the lesser and fairer of the two, "there's Beresford. How fit he looks, to be sure! When I last heard of him he was doing the broken-hearted recluse—melancholy mad, and all that sort of thing. He doesn't answer to either description just now. And I say, Harcourt, what a pretty woman he is talking to! Who is she? Do you know her?"

The individual addressed as Harcourt turned his head very languidly, and fixed his eyeglass more firmly in his sleepy left eye.

"What a fellow you are to talk, Kerr!" he said in slow expostulatory tones. "Where? Don't see Beresford at all."

"There, man, just opposite, talking to the woman in white and gold. By Jove, what a smile she gave him there! Wish she'd look at me like that."

Harcourt's gaze traveled slowly round the room until it alighted on the lady in question, who certainly was a remarkably pretty woman, even in that assemblage, where pretty women were the rule and not the exception.

"Oh, that's his wife, don't you know?" he said with an air of lazy surprise.

"His wife!—Beresford's wife! Pooh! my dear fellow, you are raving. His wife has been dead for the last three years and more. She died just before I went out to Jamaica."

"Granted," returned the other tranquilly. "But the law has yet to be passed, so far as I know, which denounces second marriages as illegal."

"The deuce! Then he has married

again?"

"Exactly."

"Well, you surprise me. You remember how awfully cut up he seemed after his first wife's death? We thought he was off his head. I never saw her, but I always understood she was wonderfully good-looking. By Jove! the fellow has taste. Who was she—number two, I mean?"

"What a bore you are, Kerr! She was a Miss Ferrers, a cousin of his first wife, I believe; and only that she is a little darker and has different colored eyes, she is almost the image of her predecessor."

"You don't say so! The prescription as before?' Well, it seems to have worked a wonderful cure. Upon my word, some fellows always manage to get the best of everything. You don't suppose she has another cousin, now?—or a sister, eh? Ah, I was afraid not. By Jove, she is a pretty woman! Introduce me, will you?"

[THE END.]

Glenthorpe's Master.

BY E. S. S.

DOCTOR REGINALD VANE had just taken off his coat and donned an easy jacket and sat down to a book, in his slippers, when the peal of the surgery-bell gave him an unpleasant thrill, and slightly contracted his white forehead.

He was a fine, handsome man, tall and slight, with violet-dark eyes and soft, clustering brown hair—a man irresistibly agreeable to both men and women, and usually on pleasant terms with himself; but now he gave the footman in attendance an impatient glance.

"Who is it, Slade?"

"Want to see you immediately at Glenthorpe, sir."

"Who is ill?" asked Doctor Vane.

"Mr. Jervoise—very bad, sir."

"I am tired to death; I've half a mind not to go!" muttered the doctor, lying back perversely in the easy-chair which embraced him so gratefully. "Why couldn't they have sent for Lester? He's one of Jervoise's kind."

"He's very bad, sir," murmured the man, gazing at his master with a faint surprise.

"He was probably a little more free than usual last week—that's what ails him," returned Doctor Vane, taking himself, apparently by force, out of his easy chair and into his coat. "Send round the brougham, Slade. This being everybody's servant is a little hard on a man sometimes," he added, as the man disappeared.

As he pulled on his gloves, it occurred to him that he did not know Jervoise, though he was familiar, by hearsay, with his history, his habits, his reported vast wealth.

His home was a beautiful one, surrounded by an extensive park, a pile of handsome architecture, backed with flowered terraces, and approached by a beautiful avenue of elms.

People drove out of the town upon the road which circled it.

It had been an object of interest and admiration ever since it had been rebuilt, five years before, by Stephen Jervoise, the rich distiller.

Regarding its interior wonderful stories were told of its lavish richness and the beauty of its mistress.

Stephen Jervoise was over sixty, but had a young wife. He had brought her to Glenthorpe three years before, but she was seldom seen.

What she did with her time was not known, except that she played and sang exquisitely.

Some pitied her, everybody wondered about her, and Dr. Vane may have thought of her curiously as he found himself approaching the great house.

An enchanting fragrance from great banks of purple heliotrope blew in his face as his horse trotted up the avenue, which he always afterwards associated with Mabel Jervoise.

There was a servant at a side-door to take his horse.

He entered the house, and was waited upon by another servant, who left him seated in a large, rich, dimly-lighted reception-room.

It was a dull day, and the light came brokenly through long purple-and-violet windows, past drapery of very costly red silk.

The sofas and chairs were of black satin; the floor was of dark, polished wood, covered with soft, polished skins and rich rugs; and in the sunless room a fire burned pleasantly behind a fender of glittering brass.

The effect was fascinating, but a little depressing.

And when the silence was broken by the rustle of silk, and a lady glided softly into the room, and bowed slightly to him before seating herself in a luxurious chair at the side of the fender, he felt as if he were under a spell.

"Doctor Vane, I presume? I am Mrs. Jervoise. A servant will show you to Mr. Jervoise's room in a moment."

She had some soft silken knitting in her hands; she wore a dress of lilac silk; she was young and pale.

He saw this as he rose and bowed, uttering some commonplace remark; and then he sat down, and studied Mrs. Jervoise's face without the slightest interruption.

Further than uttering her civil salutation, the lady took not the slightest notice of him.

It was an actually perfect face—not an unlovely line in it. So fine, so fair, so softly shaded by pale gold hair, but so sad!

It reminded him of the Mater Dolorosa. Its soft, virginal character was its especial charm, and he could have studied it silently for ever, but that an instinct of politeness forced him to break the stillness after a few moments.

"Is Mr. Jervoise very ill?"

A pause.

"I do not know."

Her voice was singularly quiet and gentle.

While he was studying her answer, still another servant came and offered to conduct him to his patient.

In the high, handsome chamber lay a fat, red-faced man, obsequiously attended by his valet and nurse, and both evidently mortally afraid of him.

One glance at the blood-shot black eyes and the swollen veins, knotted in the flushed temples, told the professional man the character of the illness which prostrated the master of Glenthorpe.

"Do I find you ill to-day, Mr. Jervoise?" asked Doctor Vane, seating himself at the bedside.

An affirmative, more emphatic than polite, uttered in a thick, husky voice, was the response.

"That dunce Lester gone to the races just when I needed him!" growled the sick man. "He'll never darken these doors again! I'll show him whether I'm to be trifled with or not! You can have a glance at me now, doctor."

Doctor Vane bowed, leaving his thoughts quite unsaid, as he quietly made his diagnosis.

He looked upon the rich Mr. Jervoise simply as one of the disagreeable necessities of his profession; while the other, swelled with pomposity, thought the quiet physician overcome by the honor conferred so unexpectedly upon him.

Then the latter wrote a prescription which would, undoubtedly, take the physical puffiness out of his man, and announced that he would call the next morning.

"No, come to-night!" roared the restless, red-faced invalid. "I'm very ill. I'm not to be neglected!"

"It is not necessary to see you to-night, Mr. Jervoise," quietly responded the doctor, as he buttoned his coat. "I shall be here in the morning before nine," and he quietly took his departure.

He seemed quite unaware that he had barely closed the rosewood door when a pillow was buried against the panels, and a toilet-bottle precipitated after; but he knew very well that a storm of rage which threatened apoplexy followed his disregard of the demands of the master of Glenthorpe.

Amused, yet wholly disgusted, he descended the long, soft, winding stairs, passing white statues, tinted oriels, and bronze figures holding glittering lamps above their heads.

The man who had admitted him waited at the foot to attend him to the door.

As Doctor Vane passed the parlor he would have made his adieu to Mrs. Jervoise.

He half stopped, expecting that she would make some inquiry of him, but nothing seemed further from her intentions.

She had changed her place, and lay in a reclining chair near a window, her work lying upon her silken lap, her fair face turned aside, her gaze fixed thoughtfully upon the landscape.

The servant, who was an old one, observed the doctor's involuntary pause, but made no motion to attract his mistress's attention, and the former passed on, and had soon left Glenthorpe far behind him.

Being unusually tired Doctor Vane slept soundly that night, and the next morning commenced early his round of duties.

He found himself, at half-past eight, riding along the road to Glenthorpe, the fresh air tossing his horse's mane and blowing hard in his face, and his thoughts anticipating his reception.

"An ugly customer—Jervoise; but I have rather the advantage of him," remembering, with a faint smile, the undoubted effects of the prescription of yesterday. "And he'll not be so choleric when I have done with him."

He certainly found Mr. Jervoise less self-assertive, less high colored, and with a subdued pulse.

Doctor Vane had that very desirable qualification in a physician, a tender and sympathetic nature; but he wasted little of it on this wealthy, self-indulgent sybarite.

His remedies were unsparingly applied to the case without pity for the pain that must inevitably follow their effect.

He did not notice Mrs. Jervoise on this, nor on several succeeding visits; but when he had come to understand that she was a sad and neglected wife, he one day picked up, in the unoccupied drawing-room, where he was waiting, a book, on the fly-leaf of which was written "Mabel Jervoise."

The volume exhaled the faint fragrance which he was unconsciously accustomed to associate with the mistress of Glenthorpe.

And when he had discovered the book to be the "Life of Mozart" he looked up and saw Mrs. Jervoise sitting outside the long window, upon a terrace, looking at him.

He proffered the book, and she extended her white hand to receive it.

"I had forgotten where I left it," she said:

"Is Mrs. Jervoise fond of Mozart?" asked the doctor.

How long he stood leaning against a pillar under a woodbine, talking of music to her, he could not have told; but from that day he knew that Mabel Jervoise was very charming.

Utterly incomprehensible it was that her husband was indifferent with her, or so brutal in treatment that she must needs shun him.

Yet, what could a man like Stephen Jervoise know of this delicate, spiritual creature?

Even to the doctor she seemed marvelously pure, too angel-like for earth.

In all his experience as a physician he had never observed such a painful mesalliance; and Jervoise was so utterly her antipodes that he seemed to Dr. Vane hardly a creature of the same species.

She had been the child of heartless, speculative parents, and Jervoise had bidden the highest price and bought her.

But when he found that his commands were unavailing to make his tastes hers, he insulted and left her.

They lived under the same roof, apart. During the three weeks of Stephen Jervoise's illness the doctor sought her society as much as possible. He brought her books and music.

Once she sang for him. He pitied her from the bottom of his heart, and he knew she was beautiful.

Doctor Vane's worst enemy could not truthfully have said more.

But he might have said most surely that if ever man hated another he hated Stephen Jervoise.

His selfishness, his tyranny, his grossness, made it almost impossible for him to keep his hands off him sometimes.

He would have relished giving the brute a good thrashing—rather an unusual emotion in the mild breast of Doctor Vane.

With Jervoise's intemperate habits it was impossible to cure him of the disease, which soon proved chronic; and though the doctor treated his patient brusquely enough at times, the latter whimically continued to require his services through the days and weeks of the fleeting autumn, while Doctor Vane told him plainly that there was no cure for his pains but purer living.

But in the fine November days he could walk about the garden, and one day he came up to Mabel, who sat in an arbor.

"You pale-faced dunce, are you moping here? I wish you would keep out of my sight. I want the garden."

Mabel's start, her shrinking fear, her utter lack of resistance to this attack, made the blood of Doctor Vane boil as he approached unobserved.

She went silently away, not seeing him, and he followed Jervoise to his chamber.

The latter took up a glass half filled with cordial, and then proceeded to fill it to the brim from the wrong bottle.

Doctor Vane saw that it was the wrong bottle, but he must have his say before he corrected the mistake.

"Jervoise, for Heaven's sake, why do you treat your wife so? Why do you speak to a delicate woman as she were a dog? You are a consummate rascal!"

The latter lifted his bleared eyes, and stood holding the glass in his hand.

"Pooh! I care nothing for her; and she's my own, to treat as I like, I take it."

Doctor Vane's white hand closed with a steel like spring.

Should he pound the brute to a jelly, or let him drink the mixture he had unconsciously poured out. It would kill him—surely kill him—before an antidote could be procured.

Through the window, beyond Jervoise, he could see a slight, dejected figure walking down the avenue.

As his glance came back he groaned.

"Taken a fancy yourself, perhaps," sneered Jervoise, whom nothing could deter from ill-nature—not even the fear of losing his physician. "Well, she's my property, I'd have you know."

Doctor Vane looked silently at the ugly, lecring face. It was only a just thing to rid the world of such a monster. And he stood immovable. He was a tender soul, yet in that moment he gained his own consent to let this man poison himself.

But Jervoise went on:

"Look here, Vane, you're a good doctor, but just let my private affairs alone, will you?" and he raised the glass.

The man's red face was at that moment forever photographed on Doctor Vane's memory.

It was broad, red, soddened, and utterly unconscious of the harm its owner was doing.

And, heaven be thanked! the gentle visitor, Pity, stole into Doctor Vane's heart.

"Don't drink that stuff!" he said, and struck the glass to the floor.

* * * * *

Five years later Doctor Vane's eye was caught by the face of a beautiful woman in an art-gallery abroad.

He soon observed that she belonged to a party with whom he was acquainted, and after a time he approached them.

"Our beautiful widow!" whispered a merry friend, following his eyes. "Isn't Jervoise lovely?"

Mabel Jervoise! No wonder he had not known her. The blighting influence of her life had been removed, and had in some measure atoned by leaving her absolute mistress of his colossal fortune. She had found health, freedom, congenial friends.

As her clasped her hand, and looked into her pure and gentle eyes, he thanked Heaven, from the bottom of his heart, that the awful temptation of the past had been resisted.

Soon he loved her—knew that he had loved her then—and there was no barrier to prevent winning her lovely heart. She was free, and he was innocent, and had no scruples accept the gift of her love, and the splendid inheritance which made him Master of Glenthorpe.

Scientific and Useful.

RUBBER AND IRON.—One who claims to have tried it says that rubber may be fastened to iron by means of a paint composed of powdered shellac steeped in about ten times its weight of concentrated ammonia. It should be allowed to stand three or four weeks before being used.

TO REMOVE PAINT, ETC.—For silk, benzine, ether, or soap; hard rubbing is to be avoided. For all kinds of fabrics chloroform is best, but must be carefully used. Stains of paint or varnish, after being softened with olive-oil or fresh butter, may generally be removed by the same means as ordinary grease. Saturate the spots with a solution of equal parts of turpentine and spirits of ammonia; wash out with strong soapsuds.

AN ANTI-SNORER.—An anti-snorer has been recently brought out in the shape of an india-rubber cup, which forms a chin-rest, and to which is attached an elastic and tape bandage, whereby it, and consequently the lower jaw, are held in position. The inventor states that he relieved himself of dyspepsia and a long train of evils by the aid of this contrivance, his physician having told him that if he could keep his mouth shut during sleep, he would cure himself.

DRIVING.—A new and ingenious method of driving has been invented, which enables a man to keep his hands in his pockets and guide his horses with safety and accuracy. The driving is done with the feet instead of the hands. An ingenious apparatus is provided, which can be fitted in a few minutes to any vehicle, by which the reins are brought over a pulley and worked by a sort of treadle. It can be used with or without the ordinary reins, and may be controlled by a child.

SACCHARIN.—The number of valuable substances which can be extracted from coal-tar is marvelous, and would surprise gas manufacturers of a generation ago, who gave away the tar to any one who would take it. The last product of the black and ill-smelling fluid, is a substance which has been named Saccharin, on account of its extreme sweetness. Saccharin is said to be two hundred and thirty times sweeter than the best cane-sugar. It has a great interest for the medical profession.

OUT OF TUNE.—The heat of fire is very likely to put a piano out of tune. This is not due to the expanding and contracting of the strings, as is generally supposed, but to the variations produced in the sounding-boards, under the influence of the increased dryness of the air, especially in furnace-heated houses. Sounding-boards are made of spruce, because of the superior resonance of that timber; but spruce, of all woods, is most affected by changes in temperature.

Farm and Garden.

THE GOAT.—If kept under proper conditions the goat is a more profitable dairy animal than the cow, as well as more prolific.

CULTURE.—Level culture is better than hilling, as it allows the cultivator and harrow to be used with greater facility, while the rains do not flow of as rapidly, which is a very important matter during dry seasons, when light showers occur only at long intervals.

HAY AND GRAIN.—Experiments show that when cut hay and ground grain are fed to stock, the cost of feeding is lessened sufficiently to pay for the labor necessary to prepare the food and grind the grain, and that the increased growth of the stock is noticeable when compared whith those fed upon whole grain and uncut hay.

THE MATTER OF CARE.—Let the horse's litter be dry and clean underneath as well as on top. Standing in hot, fermenting manure make the hoofs soft and brings on lameness. Change the litter partially in some parts and entirely in others every morning, and brush out and clean the stall thoroughly.

NEEDS ATTENTION.—If calves and pigs were compelled to forage for a living, like hens, they would soon become a nuisance, and fail to pay, yet the hen is sometimes expected to lay under the most adverse conditions. If she is to pay a profit she must receive the attention necessary to enable her to perform all that may be required of her.

PEDIGREE.—The influence of the mare in transmitting hereditary qualities is, as a rule, greatly under-estimated. The female pedigree of a horse is almost entirely lost sight of, while the male is given special prominence. The best breeders agree that the mare exercises as potent an influence over the progeny as the stallion. Especially in the matter of soundness should the breeding mare be unobjectionable.

TOBACCO JUICE.—A correspondent directs the attention of plant-growers to the advantages of the practice of boiling tobacco-juice in houses for the destruction of insects, over the old practice of fumigating. One great advantage is that the steam does not scald or discolor the most tender foliage or the most delicate flower, that the boiling can be done without previous preparation, i. e., drying the foliage, etc., and that the operator can walk about in the house, if necessary, during the operation.

AMERICAN oysters are now sold in London at a shilling (25 cents) a dozen.

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Success and Business.

Every man, says a noted clergyman, speaking on this subject, wants to make a success of business and life, and he is right. But there is no success—at least, no success of the true kind—to be achieved without lying right down to it and putting your whole power to it. You cannot make your own terms with business; you cannot say, "I will only do so much;" if you try to do so, it is quite likely that the end of it may be not your retiring from business, but the business retiring from you. But, then, the more severe the strain, and the more one takes it without grumbling, the more one feels that it should not last all through life.

And what a beautiful thought it is which comes to a busy man of how some day he may be able to slacken off and do a little quiet, happy living.

Well, how is it that this "retiring from business," which men so look forward to—which it is right for them to look forward to—how is it that it so often turns out to be the dismalest kind of a failure? He steps aside out of the busy race to have the pleasure of it, but it doesn't give him pleasure; it only gives him a new form of weariness, until he would be almost thankful to take up the old burden again and carry it till he dies, and some who see this failure say that the whole idea of retiring from business is a mistake.

Now, how is this? For a happy retirement from business two things are needed: Something to retire on, and something to retire to. And the trouble is that the second element is almost forgotten.

The true thing is to try through all your busy life to keep some corner of your mind and heart for other subjects, other interests, and let this corner be gradually widened and enlarged. Wherever there is any such extra interest there is never any lack of the something to retire to. Let there be anything that a man is glad to have leisure for, and that he loves to spend his leisure on, and there is something to occupy him happily when the great leisure of life comes.

Why, take even so simple a thing as the love of plants and flowers, not for any scientific interest in them, but for the mere delight of watching them grow and helping them to grow.

Why retire? But perhaps some one may feel inclined to say: "Well, if anything can supply this interest, why may not business itself? Why need a man look for anything outside that, and why should he ever retire at all?" Simply for this reason: The prominent end of business, that which stands first and is its moving impulse, is self—one's own profit, one's own success. A man goes into business not for what he can do for the business, but for what he can get out of it.

Now, there is always a certain belittling tendency in anything that centres in self. We do not say it need make a man little and selfish, but that is the tendency, the danger where self has to be put first, and therefore it is so good for these business interests to be tempered and mingled with others which distinctly tend to lift one out of self.

Therefore, too, it is that these outside interests are good to occupy a gradually larger part of life, and eventually, when he retires, give its main interest. Constant doing for ourselves, and getting for ourselves, becomes wearisome and hollow, while anything that lifts us out of self increases in its interest and delight.

There is the one chance for a man's keeping in business right to the end of life, if he can gradually, as his success has become assured, let its mere motive of profit fall into the background, and in his later years keep on at it distinctly as his means of doing a good, useful, unselfish part in the world.

And this may be done. We have known old men who never actually went out of business, and nobody wished them to. For it had ceased to be to them a means of making more money—they had all they wanted of that—and it had come to be more and more the simple interest in a noble enterprise, which, perhaps, they had originated, and in which they still liked to help, and especially to help in keeping their old business up to his highest mark of honor in its dealings, and to its highest mark of comfort and useful influence to those employed in it.

Yes, that may be, and sometimes is, and when to such a business interest is joined a kindly, thoughtful interest in the world around, and warm-hearted charity and religion—then we do not know but a man may keep right on to the end as usefully and as happily as in any other way.

Do not imagine, however, that in speaking so highly of those outside interests of literature or art or science we mean to put these as the only things which can furnish this "something to retire to." Nothing of the kind. Why, some of the very happiest men we meet in the leisure afternoon of life know nothing of such things. But we will tell you what they know and have known. They have been the kind of men who, in their business years, though they might never look off from business to plants or fossils or stars, could not help looking off from it to their neighbors, to their fellow men.

That is how life may work out beautifully, even if you never go beyond the beaten business track, even if you never have any hobby whatever, if you will only do life's common wayside duty. For right along the merest business track are the claims of friendship, the ties of neighborliness, the call of weakness, the appeal of trouble.

Among the many causes of poor and inefficient work is the habit of hurry, which takes possession of some busy people. Having, or imagining they have, more to do in a given time than can be done properly, they grow confused, agitated and nervous; and, under this pressure, they proceed with the work in hand without requisite deliberation and care, perhaps omitting parts of it, sometimes important parts, and producing at last an imperfect and inferior performance which can be neither permanent nor satisfactory. There is hardly any employment, from the simplest manual work to the most complex and difficult mental labor, that does not suffer from this cause.

Harsh and unjust criticism of others' conduct or performance often results from using one's own ideal of excellence as a test. A capable but captious person examines a piece of work or surveys a course of action, and sees, or thinks he sees, how it might have been improved. At once he begins to find fault, to depreciate, to blame, forgetting that the standard by which he judges is his own, and not that of another. It remains at least very doubtful if he would have come up to it in the same circumstances; but to censure another for not bringing his practice into harmony with the censor's imaginings is surely unreasonable.

Many persons fail in their endeavors merely because they dwell so exclusively in their conceptions of future improvements that they forget the certain and assured results of the past and the actual workings of the present. There are vague imaginings and crude conceptions that can by no means stand the test of actual trial It is often quite easy to conceive of something which it will be totally impossible to reduce to practice. Its supposed advantages shine out brightly; its real difficulties do not appear.

Jeer not others upon any occasion. If they be foolish, God hath denied them understanding; if they be vicious, you ought to pity, not revile them; if deformed, God framed their bodies, and will you scorn his workmanship? Are you wiser than your Creator? If poor, poverty was designed for a motive to charity, not to contempt; you cannot see what riches they have within.

The road to home-happiness lies over small stepping-stones. Some men are at home everywhere; others are at home nowhere. He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home. The first indication of domestic happiness is the love of one's home. Some persons can be everywhere at home; others can sit musingly at home and be everywhere.

True success means the development of a character that is worthy of example—a character that is honest to every duty, faithful to every trust, and that is unselfish enough to find time for kindly acts that are not forced, but the simple expression of a warm and generous principle. True success is fidelity to every relation in life.

Nothing can be done right and efficiently without order and system, from the boiling of an egg to the management of the heaviest business or enterprise. There is a routine even in our daily personal habits. He is considered a safe man or woman whom you always know "where to find."

It is much easier to act firmly and bravely under a strong impulse when called upon to do so. Of all the battles of life there is not one that requires so much real courage as that silent battle with self which every dutiful person finds it frequently necessary to wage.

Christians are like the several flowers in a garden, that have each of them the dew of heaven, which, being shaken with the wind, they let fall at each other's roots, whereby they are jointly nourished, and become nourishers of each other.

The quarrelsome man not only poisons the happiness of his family and friends, but also his own. He generates antagonism, ill-feeling and dislike wherever he vents his spleen, and these react on him to his misery.

Foolish I deem him who, thinking that his state is blest, rejoices in security; for fortune, like a man distempered in his senses, leaps now this way, now that, and no man is always fortunate.

It is not isolated great deeds which do most to form a character, but small conterminous acts touching and blending into one another. The greenness of a field comes not from trees, but from blades of grass.

The world does not forgive us either our talents or our successes, nor our marriage, nor our friendships, nor our future. The only thing that is looked upon with indulgence is our death.

The extent of poverty in the world is much exaggerated. Our sensitiveness makes half our poverty; our fears—anxieties for ills that never happen—a greater part of the other half.

Most controversies would soon be ended if those engaged in them would first accurately define their terms and then rigidly adhere to their definitions.

Every single action of our life carries in its train either a reward or a punishment, however little disposed we are to admit that such is the case.

It is the way with half the truth amidst which we live, that it only haunts us and makes dull pulsations that are never born into sound.

The World's Happenings.

The average loss of letters by post is one in a million.

Potatoes never grow larger than marbles in Greenland.

A Kansas man measures seven feet three and a half inches in height.

Corn in Florida is reported to be twelve feet high, with three ears to the stalk.

A few days ago the cable announced the opening of the first railroad in China.

Twenty-eight unmarried women reside in Garfield county, Colorado; also 1100 unmarried men.

China will shortly be supplied with stamped coins of her own for the first time in her history.

A parrot owned by a Chicago man is declared by the latter to be 100 years old, as proven by family letters.

The poplar was held sacred by the Romans, and it was the tree used to mark the boundaries of their lands.

Schiller's romantic play, "The Robbers," once converted a whole college of German students into highwaymen.

The latest compilations are said to show a total of over 60,000 inmates confined in penal institutions in this country.

Manuel Noel, an aged French Canadian, residing at Laconia, N. H., feasted on a pound of raw beefsteak recently and died within half an hour.

The library of the British Museum, it is stated, now contains more than 2,000,000 books, which occupy three miles lineal of bookcases eight feet high.

The project for establishing a telephone line across the Atlantic Ocean is assuming shape, and experiments to determine its practicability are to be made.

A Mexican woman, aged 68 years, eloped from Las Cruces with a Mexican 75 years old. Her husband, 82 years old, tried to get her back, but did not succeed.

The 300 young women of Wellesley College do the housework of the college on the co-operative plan. It takes each one of them 45 minutes a day to do her share.

News comes from Georgia to the effect that a man in that State is "living pleasantly" with his eighth wife. This shows the value of trying again if at first you don't succeed.

The National Agricultural Department report makes the decrease in the hog supply 1,500,000 from last year, and the hog cholera still devastating the herds in some parts of the country.

A company has been organized and the necessary funds guaranteed to bore a hole in the ground near Kinsley, Kansas, 2500 feet deep, if necessary, "to see what there is to see."

There is a Virginia law, passed many years ago, but still extant, which imposes a fine of fifty pounds of tobacco on a man absenting himself from church one month without valid excuse.

Ameer Abdurrahman, of Afghanistan, administers justice in person to all of his subjects within his reach. He has only two sentences for all offenses—"cut out his tongue" or "hang him."

The calibre of the New York legislature may be estimated by the act sent to the Governor making it a misdemeanor to feed sparrows, and authorizing the shooting of robins and blackbirds.

Kentucky whisky distillers have concluded not to make any more whisky until October. There are now 20,000,000 gallons of whisky, 18,000,000 of which was made last year, in bond in the State.

Daniel B. Alger, who died some days ago in Bronxville, N. Y., is thought by his physician to have been fatally poisoned by the dye from black and gold-striped stockings that he purchased in Paris.

A robin has built a nest in the mouth of one of the Parrott guns that ornament the burial plot of the Maquoketa, Iowa, Grand Army Post—a picture of peace which it would be difficult to improve upon.

Two young farmers, rival claimants to a young lady's hand, fought a duel in Putnam county, O., recently, with pistols. After both were wounded they shook hands and agreed to let the lady choose between them.

John Tobin knelt down in Broadway, New York, recently, and, after a fervant prayer to God "to save New York from the politicians," was taken in charge by an officer, given a hearing and remanded for a medical examination.

At an opera festival in Louisville the other evening the management so thoroughly enforced the "no-hat rule" that, it is said, not a single lady with covered head appeared in the audience. All were required to remove their bonnets on entering the auditorium.

An undertaker in Jersey City, who had attended to some preliminaries in his line for the wife of a street car driver who died a few days ago, informed the family on the eve of the day set for the funeral that he would have to have so much money down, on account of his bill, and upon being refused, took the corpse out of the ice box and left the house.

A "crazy sociable" took place in Trumbull county, Ohio, recently, and a local chronicler states that the butter was brought in handcuffed to a bulldog, the cheese was chloroformed to prevent escape, the coffee was served with a straw, the meat came in imitation of boot and shoe soles, and the biscuits were loaded and unloaded from plate to plate by means of derricks.

A letter was recently received at the North Adams, Mass., postoffice, a local newspaper narrates, addressed as follows: "To the State of Massachusetts, where North Adams nestles mid the hills peaceful and fair, there put in the postoffice safe under lock and key until ——— ——— calls and asks: "Is there any mail for me?" All over the face of this letter was written the words "Rats" and "Chestnuts," inscribed by the different mailing clerks through whose hands the letter had passed.

COMPENSATION.

BY C. D.

One woman in furs and velvets,
Another in squalid rags;
One rolled by in her stately carriage,
The other stood on the flags.

One woman alone in her carriage,
By the other a little child,
Who, watching the prancing horses,
Looked up in her face and smiled.

She stooped to her boy and kissed him,
And gave him a hoarded crust;
The other had just left costly blooms
Where her one son lay in dust.

One back to her darkened mansion,
Wealth cannot hold death at bay!
One back to the hut where labor
Brought bread for the coming day.

Perhaps, as over the sands of life,
Time's great tide ebbs and flows,
More fates among us are equal
Than their outward seeming shows.

The Tables Turned.

BY E. KINGSLEY.

THE Bishop laid down the telegram on the table with the air of a man who has made his mind up, and will hear no further nonsense from anybody about it.

"No, my dear," he said to his wife decisively. "He's been acquitted, and that is so far satisfactory—to a certain extent, I grant you, satisfactory: humanly speaking, it was almost impossible that he could be acquitted. The evidence didn't suffice to convince the court-martial. I'm glad of it, very glad of it, of course, for poor Iris's sake; but upon my word, Charlotte, I can't imagine how on earth they can ever have found it in their consciences to acquit him. In my opinion—humanly speaking once more—it's morally certain that Captain Burbury himself embezzled every penny of all that money."

Mrs. Brandreth turned the telegram over nervously, with two big tears standing ready to fall in the corners of her dear motherly old eyes, and then asked in a timid voice, "So you've quite decided, have you, Arthur, that it must be all broken off between him and poor Iris?"

The Bishop played with his paper-knife, half stuck through the *Guardian* in his testy fashion.

"My dear," he answered, with the natural impatience of a just man unduly provoked by female persistence, "how is it possible, I put it to you, that we could ever dream of letting her marry him? I don't wish to judge him harshly—far be it from me to judge any man; I hope I understand my duty as a Christian better; but still, Charlotte, it's one of our duties, you know,—an unpleasant duty, but none the less a duty on that account—not to shut our eyes against plain facts. We are entrusted with the safe-keeping of our daughter's happiness, and I say we oughtn't to allow her to imperil it by throwing herself away upon a man whom we strongly suspect—upon just grounds—to be quite unworthy of her. I'm sorry that we must give Iris so much pain; but our duty, Charlotte, our duty, I say, lies clear before us. The young man himself sees it. What more would you wish, I wonder?"

Mrs. Brandreth sighed quietly, and let the two tears roll unperceived down her placid, gentle, fair old face.

"The court-martial has taken a more lenient view of the case, Arthur," she suggested tentatively, after a pause of a few minutes.

The Bishop looked up from the table of contents of the *Guardian* with a forcedly benign glance of Christian forbearance.

"Women will be women, of course, and will sympathize with daughters and so forth in all their foolish matrimonial entanglements. My dear," he explained, with his practised episcopal smile of gentle condescension to the lower intelligence of women and of the inferior clergy, "you must recollect that the court-martial had to judge of legal proof and legal certainty. Moral proof and moral certainty are, of course, quite another matter. I might hesitate, on the evidence given, to imprison this young man or even to deprive him of his commission in the army; and yet I might hesitate on the very same grounds to let him take my daughter in marriage. He has been acquitted, it is true, of the charge: but a suspicion, Charlotte, a certain vague shadow of formal suspicion must always, in future, hang over him like a cloud. Cæsar's wife—you remember the Roman dictator said, Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion. Surely, if even a heathen thought that, we, Charlotte, with all our privileges, ought to be very careful on what sort of man we bestow Iris."

And having thus summarily dismissed the matter, the Bishop turned with profound interest to the discussion on the evil consequences of the Burials Bill and the spread of dissent in the west of England.

To a mind deeply engrossed with these abstruse and important subjects, the question about poor Iris's relations with Captain Burbury, of the Hundred and Fiftieth, was, of course, a relatively small one.

Iris, indeed, had never been engaged to him; that was a great comfort in all this ugly, unpleasant business. The young man had only buzzed a little around the episcopal palace at Whitchester, danced with her, talked to her, and arrived at a slight private understanding which didn't exactly amount to a regular engagement, and which had never been officially communicated to the parental ear.

That, at least, was a great comfort; the Bishop considered it almost providential. Since this awkward question about the deficiency in the adjutant's accounts had first arisen, to be sure, the Bishop had learned from Mrs. Brandreth that this young man (he always spoke of Harry Burbury in that oblique fashion) had succeeded in making a passing impression upon poor Iris's unbestowed affections.

But then girls, you see, are always fancying themselves in love with some young man or other, and are always profoundly convinced for the time being that they can never conceivably be happy without him.

We, my dear Mr. Dean or my dear Sir William, who are men of the world—I mean, who are persons of maturer years and more solid understanding—we know very well that in six months or so girls forget all about that nice Mr. Blank or that dear Captain Somebody in their last passing fancy for young So-and-so, who will in due time be equally forgotten, in favor of some more really desirable and eligible person.

And as in this case there would be no public withdrawal, no open breach of an announced engagement, Dr. Brandreth turned complacently to the discussion on the Burials Bill, and in ten minutes had completely dismissed from his profound episcopal mind the whole subject of Captain Burbury's unfortunate court-martial.

Meanwhile Mrs. Brandreth, who was not philosophical, like the Bishop, but who felt herself most imprudently sympathetic with all dear Iris's little girlish feelings—quite wickedly so, she was almost afraid—Mrs. Brandreth, I say, had stolen away quietly to her daughter's room, and was sitting on the little couch at the foot of the bed, with Iris's hand held fast in hers, and Iris's soft crimson cheek laid tenderly on her motherly shoulder.

"There, there, darling," she was saying with tears in her eyes, as she soothed her daughter's hand gently with her own; "don't cry, Iris, don't cry, my pet. Yes, do cry; it'll do you good, darling. Perhaps by-and-by, when things blow over a little, your papa will think rather differently about it."

Iris took up the telegram for the fiftieth time with a fresh flood of tears: "From Captain Burbury, Aldershot, to Miss Brandreth, Eaton Place, London. The court-martial has acquitted me on all the charges. But I can never, never see you again."

"Oh, mamma," she cried through her sobs and tears, "how cruel of him to say such a thing as that, and at such a moment!"

"No, no, dearest," her mother said. "He was quite right to say it. He feels the horrible suspicion rests upon him still, and he can't bear to face you while it's hanging over him. No good and true man could do otherwise. . . . But," she added after a moment's pause, "I think, Iris,—I think, darling, in spite of what he says, you'll probably see him here this very evening."

Iris gave a sudden start of surprise and pleasure. "This evening, mamma! This very evening?" she cried excitedly. "Oh no, not after sending me such a telegram as that, dear, surely!"

Mrs. Brandreth had not the slightest idea in the world that she was a practical psychologist—probably she could not have pronounced the word even if you had asked her—yet she answered quite readily, "Why, you know, Iris, he must have come straight out from the court-martial and sent off that telegram in the heat of the moment, just to let you know at once he had been at rate acquitted.

"Of course he couldn't help adding the despairing tag about his never, never seeing you. But when he goes back to his own quarters and thinks it over a little, he'll make up his mind—I know young men, my dear—he'll make up his mind that he must just run up to town and speak with you once more before he breaks it all off forever. And if he sees you, Iris—but, after all, why should he break it off? He has nothing to be ashamed of. For, indeed, I'm quite sure, darling, he never, never, never, never could have taken that dreadful money."

"Of course not, mamma," Iris answered simply, with profound confidence. What a blessed thing it is to be a trustful woman! The Bishop's moral certainty was really nothing at all compared to his pretty, weeping daughter's unshaken conviction.

"Charlotte," the Bishop said, putting his head in at the door for a second, with his episcopal hat suspended loosely in his right hand, "I've ordered the carriage, and I'm going down now to the Athenæum; from the Athenæum I shall drive on to the House of Lords; from the House of Lords, after dinner, I shall go into the Commons and hear what those dissenting Glamorgan people have got to say about this distressing Welsh disestablishment business. Very probably the debate may be late. I shall send the carriage home, in case you want it, and I shall cab it back or take the Metropolitan. Don't sit up for me. Have you got a latch-key?"

Mrs. Brandreth gave an involuntary start. The notion of the Bishop demanding a latch-key was really and truly too ridiculous. The fact was, the Brandreths had only just taken their furnished house in Eaton Place for the season that very week, and the Bishop himself had arrived alone from the Palace, Whitchester, that identical morning.

A man oppressed by the spiritual burdens of an entire diocese cannot, of course, be reasonably expected to go house-hunting. It was irrational and unscriptural, Dr. Brandreth held, to suppose that he should leave the work of his see to serve tables.

So Mrs. Brandreth and Iris had come to town and secured the episcopal lodgings beforehand; and as soon as everything was put fully straight, the Bishop himself came up for the session to "his own hired house" (like St. Paul) and entered into the enjoyment of a neatly ordered and well-arranged study.

This, he explained, left his mind perfectly free for the wearing and harassing duties of the episcopate, combined, as they were under our existing circumstances, with the arduous work of a Lord Spiritual in the Upper House.

Yes, Mrs. Brandreth had a latch-key; and the Bishop, still absorbed in soul by the effects of the Burials Bill and the aggressive conduct of the Glamorganshire Dissenters, kissed his wife and daughter mechanically, and went off ruminating to the Athenæum. "Iris has been crying," he said to himself with a pensive smile, as John turned the handle of the carriage-door respectfully behind him. "Girls will make a fuss about these foolish love affairs. But in a little while she's sure to get over it. Indeed, for my part, what she can possibly see to admire in this young man in the Hundred and Fiftieth rather than in poor dear good Canon Robinson, who would make such an admirable husband for her—though, to be sure, there is a certain disparity in age—fairly passes my comprehension."

And yet, when young Mr. Brandreth of Christ Church had wooed and won Charlotte Vandeleur, he was himself a handsome young curate.

The afternoon wore away slowly in Eaton Place, but dinner-time came at last, and just as Mrs. Brandreth and Iris were rising up disconsolately from a pitiable pretence of dinner, "for the sake of the servants," there came a very military knock at the front door, which made poor Iris jump and start with a sudden flush of vivid color on her pale cheek.

"I told you so, darling," Mrs. Brandreth half whispered in a pleased undertone. "It's Captain Burbury."

And so it was. The mother's psychology (or instinct if you will) had told her correctly. Mrs. Brandreth rose to go into the drawing-room as soon as the card was duly laid before her.

"I oughtn't to leave them alone by themselves," she thought to herself silently. "If I did, under the circumstances, Arthur would be justifiably angry." And, so thinking, she drew her daughter's arm in hers, murmuring softly, "Iris dear, I really feel I oughtn't to leave you," and—walked off quietly without another word into her own boudoir.

Iris, her heart beating fast and high, opened the door and stepped alone into the front drawing-room.

As she entered, Harry Burbury, that penitent and shamefaced man, walked up to her with hands outstretched, ... seemed for a moment as if he would bow merely, . . . then made as though he would shake hands with her . . . and finally, carried away for a moment from his set purpose, caught her up ardently in both his arms, kissed her face half a dozen times over, and pressed her tight against his heaving bosom.

He had never kissed her so before, but Iris somehow felt to herself that the action just then really required no apology.

Next minute, Harry Burbury stepped back again a few paces and surveyed her sadly, with his face burning a fiery crimson. "Oh, Iris," he cried, "I mean Miss Brandreth—no, Iris. I made up my mind as I came along in the train from Aldershot that I should never, never again call you Iris."

"But, Harry, you made up your mind, too, you would never see me!"

"I did, Iris, but I thought—I thought, when I came to think it over, that perhaps I had better come and tell you, before I left England, why I felt it must be all closed forever between us."

"Left England, Harry! All closed between us!"

"Yes, Iris; yes, darling!" And here Harry so far forgot his resolution once more that he again kissed her. "I shall resign my commission and go away somewhere to the Colonies."

"Harry!"

It was a cry of distress, and it rang terribly in the young man's ears; but with an effort he steeled himself. He didn't even kiss her.

"Iris," he began once more, "it isn't any use my trying to call you Miss Brandreth, and I won't do it. Iris, I feel that, after this, I have no right to come near you in future. I have no right to blight your life with that horrid, terrible, undeserved suspicion."

"But, Harry, you are innocent! You didn't take it! And the court-martial acquitted you."

"Yes, darling, they acquitted me of the charge, but not of the suspicion. If I had taken it Iris—if a man had taken it, I mean, he might perhaps have kept his place, on the strength of the acquittal, and tried to live it down and brazen it out in spite of everything. But, as I didn't take it, and as I can't bear the shadow of that horrible suspicion, I won't live on any longer in England, and I certainly won't burden you, dearest, with such a terrible, unspeakable shame."

"Harry," Iris cried, looking up at him suddenly, "I know you didn't do it. I love you. I trust you. Why should we ever mind the other people?"

Harry faltered. "But the Bishop?" he asked. "How about your father, Iris? No, no, darling, I can never marry you while the shadow of this hideous, unworthy doubt rests over me still."

Iris took his hand in hers with a gesture of tenderness which robbed the act of all suspicion of unwomanly forwardness. Then she began to speak to him in low soft voice, to comfort him, to soothe him, to tell him that nobody would ever believe it about him, till Harry Burbury himself began half to fancy that his sensitive nature had exaggerated the evil.

How long they sat there whispering together it would be hard to say: when lovers once take to whispering, the conversation may readily prolong itself for an indefinite period. So at least Mrs. Brandreth appeared to think, for at the end of a quiet hour or so her sense of propriety overcame her sympathy with Iris, and she went down to join the young couple in the front drawing-room.

It gives me great pain to add, however, that she stood for a moment and rustled about a few magazines and papers on the landing-table, very prudently, before actually turning the handle of the drawing-room door. This is a precaution too frequently neglected in such cases by the matter-of-fact and the unwary, but one whose breach I have often known to produce considerable inconvenience to the persons concerned.

When Mrs. Brandreth at last entered, she found Iris, as girls are usually found on similar occasions, seated by herself bolt upright on a very stiff-backed chair at the far end of the room, while Harry Burbury was playing nervously with the end of his moustache on the opposite side of the centre ottoman.

Such phenomenal distance spoke more eloquently to Mrs. Brandreth's psychological acumen than any degree of propinquity could possibly have done.

"They must have been very confidential with one another," Mrs. Brandreth thought to herself wisely. "I've no doubt they've settled the matter by themselves off-hand, without even thinking the least in the world about dear Arthur."

"Mamma," Iris said timidly but quite

simply, as her mother stood half hesitating beside her, "Harry and I have been talking this matter over, and at first Harry wanted to leave England; but I've been saying to him that somebody must have taken the money, and the best thing he can do is to stop here and try to find out who really took it. And he's going to do so. And, for the present," Iris emphasized the words very markedly, "we're not to be engaged at all to one another; but, by-and-by, when Harry has cleared his reputation ——" and here Iris broke off suddenly, a becoming blush doing duty admirably for the principal verb in the unfinished sentence.

(This figure of speech is known to grammarians as an aposiopesis. The name is for the most part unknown to young ladies, but the figure itself is largely employed by them with great effect in ordinary conversation.)

Mrs. Brandreth smiled a faint and placid smile. "My dear Iris," she said, "what would your papa say if he only heard you talk like that?" And feeling now quite compromised as one of the wicked conspirators, the good lady sat down and heard it all out, the house thereupon immediately resolving itself into a committee of ways and means.

It was very late, indeed, when Mrs. Brandreth, looking at her watch, exclaimed in some surprise that she really wondered dear Arthur hadn't come home ages ago.

At this unexpected mention of the Bishop, Harry Burbury, who had run up to town honestly intending to see him and renounce his daughter, but had allowed himself to be diverted by circumstances into another channel, rose abruptly to take his departure.

It occurred to him at once that two o'clock in the morning is not perhaps the best possible time at which to face a very irate and right reverend father. Besides, how on earth could he satisfactorily explain his presence in the Bishop's own hired house at that peculiarly unseasonable hour?

As for Mrs. Brandreth, now fairly embarked on that terrible downward path of the committed conspirator, she whispered to Iris, as William fastened the big front door behind Captain Burbury, "Perhaps, dear, it might be quite as well not to mention just at present to your papa that Harry"—yes, she actually called him Harry!—"has been to see you here this evening. And if we were to go to bed at once, you know, and get our lights out quickly, before your papa comes home from the House, it might, perhaps, be all the better!"

To such depths of frightful duplicity does the downward path, once embarked in, rapidly conduct even an originally right-minded clerical lady!

Meanwhile the Bishop, sitting with several of his episcopal brethren in the Peers' gallery at the House of Commons, forgot all about the lapse of time in his burning indignation at the nefarious proposals of the honorable gentlemen from that revolutionary Glamorganshire. It was a fiend-night for the disestablishers and disendowers, and there seemed no chance, humanly speaking, that the debate would be terminated within any reasonable or moderate period.

At last, about a quarter to two, the Bishop took his watch casually from his pocket.

"Bless my soul!" he cried in surprise to his right reverend companion, "I must really be going. I hadn't the least idea the time had gone so fast. Mrs. Brandreth will positively be wondering what has become of me."

There were several cabs outside the House, but it was a fair, clear, star-lit night, and the Bishop on the whole, being chilly with horror, preferred walking. It would stretch his episcopal legs a little, after such a long spell of sitting, to walk from Whitehall down to Eaton Place. So he walked on along the silent streets till he came to the corner of St. Peter's Church.

Then an awful thought suddenly flashed across his bewildered mind. Which house did he actually live in?

Yes, yes. It was too true. He had forgotten to notice or to ask the number!

If the Bishop had been a little more a man of the world, he would, no doubt, have walked off to the nearest hotel, or returned to the House and thrown himself upon the hospitality of the first met among his spiritual compeers.

But he doubted whether it would be quite professional to knock up the night-porter of the Grosvenor at two in the morning, and demand a bed without luggage or introduction; while, as to his episcopal brethren, he would hardly like to ask them for shelter under such unpleasant and humiliating circumstances.

The Bishop hesitated; and the bisnop who hesitates is lost. Nothing but an unfaltering confidence in all his own opinions and actions can ever carry a bishop through the snares and pitfalls of modern life.

He felt in his pocket for the unused latch-key. Yes, there it was, safe enough; but what door was it meant to open? The Bishop remembered nothing on earth about it. Mrs. Brandreth had met him at Paddington that morning with his own carriage, and he recollected distinctly that she had given John merely the usual laconic direction, "Home!"

When he came out that afternoon, absorbed as he was by the proceedings of the Glamorganshire Dissenters, and distracted somewhat by side reflections about Iris's love affairs, he hadn't even had time to notice at which end of the street his own hired house happened to be situated. There was clearly only one way out of the difficulty: he must try all the doors, one after another, and see which one that particular latch-key was intended to open.

Walking up cautiously to the corner house, the Bishop tried to stick that unfortunate key boldly into the keyhole. It was too large. "It can't be done," the Bishop murmured with a placid smile—it is professional to smile under trying circumstances—and with his slow and stately tread descended the steps to try the next one.

The next one succeeded a trifle better, it is true, but not completely. The keyhole was quite big enough, to be sure, but the wards stubbornly refused to yield to the gentle and dexterous episcopal pressure.

In vain did the Bishop deftly return to the charge (just as if it were a visitation); in vain did he coax and twist and turn and wheedle; those stiff-necked wards obstructed his passage as rudely and stoutly as though they had been uncompromising Glamorganshire Dissenters.

Baffled, but not disheartened, the Bishop turned tentatively to the third door. Oh, joy! The key fits! it moves! it withdraws the bolt readily from the clencher! The Bishop pushed the door gently. Disappointment once more! The door was evidently locked and fastened. "This situation begins to grow ridiculous," thought the Bishop. "One can almost enter faintly, by proxy, into the personal feelings of our misguided brother, the enterprising burglar!"

On the Bishop went, trying door after door down the whole south side of Eaton Place, till he had almost reached the very end. It was certainly absurd, and, what was more, it was painfully monotonous. It made a man feel like a thief in the night.

The Bishop couldn't help glancing furtively around him, and wondering what any of his diocesans would say if only they could see their right reverend superior in this humiliating and undignified position.

His hand positively trembled as he tried the last door but five; and when it proved but one more failure to add to the long list of his misfortunes, he took a sidelong look to right and left, and seeing a light still burning feebly within the hall, he applied for a second his own keen episcopal eye with great reluctance to the big keyhole.

Next moment he felt a heavy hand clapped forcibly upon his right shoulder, and turning round he saw the burly figure of an elderly policeman, with inquisitive bull's-eye turned full upon him in the most orthodox fashion.

"Now then, my man," the policeman said, glancing with scant regard at his hat and gaiters, "you've got to come along with me, I take it. I've been watchin' you all the way down the street, and I know what you're up to. You're loiterin' about with intent to commit a felony, that's just about the size of what you're doin'."

Dr. Brandreth drew himself up to his full height, and answered in his severest tone, "My good fellow, you are quite mistaken. I am the Bishop of Whitchester. I don't remember the exact number of my own door, and I've been trying the latch-key, on my return from the House of Lords, to see which keyhole it happened to open."

The policeman smiled a professional smile of waggish incredulity. "Bishop, indeed!" he echoed contemptuously. "House of Lords! Exact number! Gammon and spinach! Very well got up, indeed, 'specially the leggin's. But it won't go down. It's been tried on afore. Bishops is played out, my man, I tell you. I 'spose, now, you've just been dinin' with the Prince of Wales, and havin' a little private conversation at Lambeth Palace with the Archbishop of Canterbury!" And the policeman winked the wink of a knowing one at his own pleasantries with immense satisfaction.

"Constable," the Bishop said sternly, "this levity is out of place. If you do not believe me to be what my dress proclaims me, then you should at least take me into custody as a suspicious person without insulting my character and dignity. Go down with me to the Houses of Parliament in a cab, and I will soon prove to you that you are quite mistaken."

The policeman put his finger rudely to the side of his nose. "Character and dignity," he replied with unbecoming amusement—"character and dignity, indeed! Why, my good man, I know you trouble yourself. My mates and me, we've been lookin' for you here this three months. Think I don't remember you? Oh, but I do, though. Why, you're the party as got into a private house in Pimlico last year, a-representing yourself to be a doctor, an' cribbed a gold watch and a 'ole lot of real silver from the unsuspectin' family. Come along with me, Bishop, I'm a-goin' to take your reverence right off down to the station."

The poor Bishop temporized and expostulated, but all to no purpose. He even ventured, sorely against his conscience, to try the effect of a silver key in unlocking the hard heart of the mistaken constable; but that virtuous officer with much spirit indignantly repudiated any such insidious assaults upon his professional incorruptibility.

The Bishop inwardly groaned and followed him. "How easily," he thought to himself with a sigh, "even the most innocent and respectable of men may fall unawares under a disgraceful suspicion." For it is only in a limited and technical sense that bishops regard themselves as miserable sinners.

Even as the thought flashed across his mind, he saw standing under a neighboring doorway a person who was evidently endeavoring to escape notice, and in whom his quick eye immediately detected the bodily presence of Captain Burbury.

The Bishop drew a sigh of relief. This was clearly quite providential. Under any other circumstance he would, perhaps, have been curious to know how Captain Burbury came to be lingering so close beside his own hired house at that unseemly hour. He would have suspected an audacious attempt to communicate with Iris, contrary to the presumed wishes and desires of her affectionate parents.

But, just as things then stood, the Bishop was inclined to hail with delight the presence of anybody whatsoever who could personally identify him. He was in a lenient mood as to unproved suspicions.

To his horror, however, Captain Burbury, casting a rapid glance sideways at his episcopal costume, silhouetted out strikingly against the light from the policeman's bull's-eye, turned his back upon the pair with evident disinclination then and there to meet him, and began to walk rapidly away in the opposite direction.

There was no time to be lost. It was a moment for action. Captain Burbury must be made to recognize him.

Half breaking away from the burly policeman, who still, however, kept his solid hand firmly gripped around the episcopal forearm, the Bishop positively ran at the top of his speed towards the somewhat slinking and retreating captain, closely followed by the angry constable, who dragged him back with all his force, at the same time springing his rattle violently.

"Captain Burbury, Captain Burbury!" gasped the breathless Bishop, as he managed at last to come within earshot of the retiring figure. "Stop a minute, I beg of you. Please come here and explain to the constable."

Captain Burbury turned slowly round and faced his two pursuers with obvious reluctance. For a second he seemed hardly to recognize the Bishop; then he bowed a little stiffly, and observed in a somewhat constrained voice, "The Bishop. How singular! Good evening. I suppose . . . this officer . . . is snowing you the way home to your new quarters."

The policeman's sharp eye lost none of these small touches. "Doesn't want to get lagged hisself," he thought silently. "Didn't half like the other fellow letting me see he was a pal of his after I'd copped Him!"

"Captain Burbury," the Bishop said, panting, "I have most unfortunately forgotten the number of my new house. I was imprudently trying to open the doors all along the street with the latch-key which Mrs. Brandreth gave me on my leaving home for the House of Lords this morning, in order to see which lock it fitted, when this constable quite properly observed, and, I am sorry to say, misinterpreted my action. He believes I am loitering about to commit a felony. Have the goodness, please, to tell him who I am."

"This is the Bishop of Whitchester," Harry Burbury answered, very red, and with a growing sense of painful discomfort, expecting every moment that the Bishop would turn round upon him and ask how he came to be there.

"Ho, ho, ho!" the constable thought to himself merrily. "Bishop and Captain! Captain and Bishop! That's a good one, that is! They're a gang, they are. Very well got up, too, the blooming pair of 'em. But they're a couple of strong 'uns, that's what I call 'em. I won't let on that I twig 'em for the present. Two able-bodied burglars at once on one's hands is no joke, even for the youngest and activest members of the force. I'll just wait till Q 94 answers my rattle. Meanwhile, as they says at the theayter, I will dissemble."

And he dissembled for the moment with such admirable effect that the Bishop fairly thought the incident settled, and began to congratulate himself in his own mind on this truly providential nocturnal meeting with Captain Burbury.

"An' what's his Lordship's exact number?" the constable asked with a scarcely suppressed ironical emphasis on the title of honor.

"Two hundred and seventy," Harry Burbury answered, trembling.

"Two hundred and seventy!" the guardian of the peace repeated slowly. "Two hundred and seventy! So that's it, is it? Why, bless my soul, that's the very door that the military gent was a-lurkin' and a-skulkin' on! Perhaps you've got a latch-key about you somewhere for that one too, eh, Captain?"

Before the Bishop could indignantly repel this last shameful insinuation, Q 94, summoned hastily by his neighbor's rattle from the next beat, came running up in eager expectation.

"All right, Simson," the Bishop's original captor exclaimed joyfully, now throwing off the mask and ceasing to dissemble. "This is a good job, this 'ere lot. This here reverend gentleman's the Bishop of Whitchester, an' his Lordship's been a-loiterin' round in Eaton Place with intent to commit a felony. I ketched him at it a-tryin' the latch-keys. This other military gent's his friend the Captain, as can answer confidential for his perfect respectability. Ho, ho, ho! Security ain't good enough. The Captain was a-skulkin' and a-loungin' round the aireys hisself, an' didn't want at first to recognize his Lordship. But the Bishop, he very properly insisted on it. It's a gang this is; that's what it is; the Bishop's been wanted this three months to my certain knowledge as the medical gent what cribbed the silver. I'll take along his Lordship, Simson: you just ketch a hold of the Captain, will you?"

Harry Burbury saw at once that remonstrance and explanation would be quite ineffectual. He gave himself up quietly to go to the station; and the Bishop, fretting and fuming with speechless indignation, followed behind as fast as his gaitered legs would carry him.

Arrived at the station, the Bishop, to his great surprise, found his protestations of innocence and references to character disregarded with a lordly indifference which quite astounded him.

He was treated with more obvious disrespect, in fact, than the merest curate in a country parish. He turned to Harry Burbury for sympathy. But Harry only smiled a soured smile, and observed bitterly, "It is so easy to condemn anybody, you know, upon mere suspicion."

The Bishop felt a twinge of conscience. It was somewhat increased when the inspector in charge quietly but strongly remarked, "I feel a moral certainty that my officers are right; but still, in consideration of the dress you wear—a very clever disguise, certainly—I'll send one of them to make inquiries at the address you mention. Meanwhile, Thompson, lock 'em up separately in the general lock-up. We're very full to-night, Bishop. I'm sorry we can't accommodate you with a private cell. It's irregular, I know, but we're terribly overcrowded. You'll have to go in along with a couple of other prisoners."

Moral certainty! The Bishop started visibly at the phrase. It's hard to condemn a man unheard upon a moral certainty!

There was no help for it, so the Bishop allowed himself to be quietly thrust into a large cell already occupied by two other amiable-looking prisoners. One of them, to judge by the fashion in which he wore his hair, had very lately completed his term of residence in one of her Majesty's houses of detention; the other looked rather as though he were at present merely a candidate for the same distinction in the near future.

Both the men looked at the new-comer with deep interest; but as he withdrew at once into the far corner, and seated himself suspiciously upon the bed, without displaying any desire to engage in conversation, common politeness prevented them from remarking upon the singularity of his costume in such a position.

So they went on with their own confabulation quite unconcernedly after a moment, taking no further notice in any way of their distinguished clerical companion.

"Then that's not the business you're lagged upon?" one of them said coolly to the other. "It isn't the adjutant's accounts, you think? It's the other matter, is it?"

"Oh yes," the second man answered quietly. "If it had been the adjutant's accounts, you see, I'd have rounded, of course, on Billy the Growler. I never did like that fellow, the Growler, you know; an' I don't see why I should have my five years for it, when he's had the best part of the swag, look 'ee. I had no hand in it, confound it. It was all the Growler. I didn't even get nothink out of it. That ain't fair now, is it, I put it to you?"

"No, it ain't," the first man answered, the close-cropped one. "But there'll be some sort of inquiry about it now, in course, for—worse luck for the Growler—I heard this evenin' the court-martial's acquitted that there Captain Somebody. They'll look about soon for some one else, I take it, to put the blame upon."

The other man laughed. "Not that," he put in carelessly. "The court-martial's acquitted him, but nobody don't believe he didn't take it. Nobody ain't going to suspect the Growler. Every one says it's a moral certainty that that Captain Thingummy there he took the money."

The Bishop drew a long breath. After all, this whole incident had been truly providential. No names were mentioned, to be sure; but from the circumstances of the case the Bishop felt convinced the person referred to was Harry Burbury.

Could he have been placed in this truly ludicrous position for a wise reason—on purpose to help in extricating an innocent person from an undeserved calumny?

The Bishop, with all his little failings, was at bottom a right-minded and tender-hearted man. He would not have grudged even that awkward hour of disagreeable detention in a common lock-up if he could be of any service, through his unjust incarceration, to one of his dear but wrongfully suspected brethren.

The men soon relapsed into silence, and threw themselves upon the bed and the bunk, which they assumed as by right, being the first comers. The Bishop, never speaking a word to either, but ruminating strangely in his own mind, took his own seat in silence on the solitary chair over in the corner.

The minutes wore away slowly, and the Bishop nodded now and then in a quiet doze, till the clock of the nearest church had struck four. Then the door of the big cell was opened suddenly, and the inspector, with consternation and horror depicted legibly upon every fibre of his speaking countenance, entered the cell with a deferential bow.

"My Lord," he cried in his politest tone to the delighted Bishop, "your carriage is waiting at the door, and your coachman and footman have come here to identify you—a formality which I am sure will hardly be needful. I must apologize most sincerely for the very unfortunate——"

The Bishop held up his finger warningly. Both the other occupants of the cell were fast asleep. "Don't wake them," the Bishop whispered in an anxious tone. "I naturally don't wish this story to get about."

The inspector bowed again. Nothing could better have suited his wishes. His constables had made a foolish mistake, and the laugh would have been against them in the force itself, far more than against the

right reverend gentleman. "Who arrested the Bishop?" would soon have become the joke of the day among the street Arabs. Besides, had he not, under stress of circumstances, been committing the irregularity of putting as many as three prisoners in a single cell?

"As you wish, my Lord," he answered submissively, and bowed the Bishop with profound respect into the outer room.

There John and the footman were waiting formally to recognise him, and the carriage stood ostentatiously at the door to carry him home again.

"Inspector," the Bishop said quietly, "you need not apologise further. But I don't want this most unfortunate affair to get publicly spoken about. You will easily perceive that it might be regarded by—ahem!—some irreverent persons in a ludicrous light. I shall be glad if you will request your constables to say nothing about it to one another or anybody else."

"My Lord," the inspector said, with a feeling of the most profound relief, "you may rely upon it that not a single soul except the parties concerned shall ever hear a word of the matter."

"And my companion in misfortune?" the Bishop asked smiling.

The inspector, in his fluster of anxiety about the great prelate, had clean forgotten poor Harry Burbury. He went off at once to release the young man and make him a further nicely graduated apology.

"Captain Burbury," the Bishop said, "can I drive you anywhere? Where are you stopping?"

Harry's face reddened a little. "Nowhere, in fact," he answered awkwardly. "The truth is, I have only just run up from Aldershot, and meant to put up at the Charing Cross Hotel."

Companionship in misfortune *emollit mores*. The Bishop relaxed his features and smiled graciously. "Its too late to go there now," he said with unwonted kindliness. "You had better come round to Eaton Place with me, and Mrs. Brandreth will try and find a comfortable bed for you."

Harry, hardly knowing what he did, followed the Bishop timidly out to the carriage.

As soon as they had seated themselves on the well-padded cushions of the comfortable episcopal brougham, the Bishop suddenly turned round and asked his companion, "Captain Burbury, do you happen to know anybody anywhere who is called—excuse the nickname—the Growler?"

Captain Burbury started in surprise. "The Growler!" he cried. "Why, yes, certainly. He's the adjutant's orderly in my own regiment."

The bishop laid his hand kindly on the young man's arm. "My dear Captain Burbury," he said softly, "I believe I can do you a slight service. I have found a clew to the man who really embezzled the regimental money."

The carriage swam around before Harry's eyes, and he clutched the arm-rest by the window tightly with his hand. After all, then, the Bishop at any rate did not wholly suspect or mistrust him! Perhaps in the end he might marry Iris!

* * * * * *

"My dear," the Bishop said to his wife, on the morning when the adjutant's orderly was first examined at Aldershot on the charge of embezzlement, "this strongly enforces the casual remark I happened to make to you the other day about the difference between moral and legal certainty."

"And as soon as this wretched man is really convicted," Mrs. Brandreth observed timidly, "there can be no reason why we shouldn't announce that Iris is engaged to Captain Burbury."

When you have once rendered a man a signal service, you always retain a friendly feeling for him. The Bishop looked up benevolently from his paper. "Well, Charlotte," he said, "he seems a very proper, well-conducted young man, and though I should certainly myself have preferred Canon Robinson, I don't see any good reason why he and Iris, if they like one another, shouldn't be married as soon as convenient to you."

The Forged Check.

BY HENRY FRITH.

CHARLEY STANFORD and I were engaged to be married. That might or might not have been the reason why I refused to believe him guilty of the crime of forgery, of which he stood accused, and for the commission of which he was lying in prison awaiting trial. I did not believe in his guilt, but I seemed the only one to have doubted; and I was but a poor seamstress, with neither money nor influence; so it was likely to go hard with Charley Stanford.

I was so poor that I could not spare a day from labor to comfort him. I managed to send him a word that I believed in his innocence. It was all I could do, and then I went to Mr. Lamont's to fill an engagement for work. I went out by the day or week, and Mrs. Lamont, though a rich lady, was not above the economy of employing me.

I don't know that it would have made any difference to her if she had known that I was engaged to Charley Stanford; but she did not know it, and it was her husband's house that my unfortunate lover was accused of forging.

Mrs. Lamont had never heard of me; but I had heard of her; when she was not the grand lady she was now.

She was Miss Ryerson before her marriage, and Mr. Lamont and Charley had lodged with her mother. Mr. Lamont, though a wealthy man, was a plain one, and did not scorn the fare that was good enough for his clerk.

I may as well explain here that Charley was the son of an old friend of Mr. Lamont's, and that the merchant had taken a fancy to him, which was likely to be of great advantage to him, when this unlucky charge was made, which it seemed more than probable would shipwreck name, fame, and prospects.

I often heard Charley mention Miss Ryerson, who was a showy, handsome girl; but he never spoke as though he liked her, and I more than guessed it was her fault, if he did not.

Charley was very fine-looking—what we women call a splendid-looking fellow; and though he never said as much to me (he was too honorable and delicate), I think that in those days Miss Ryerson liked the merchant's clerk a great deal better than she liked the merchant.

Mr. Lamont, on the contrary, conceived a violent passion for Miss Ryerson, and she married him, for the sake of his money, of course.

Thus much of Charley's relations with the Lamonts.

He could have nothing to gain in committing such a crime—nothing; that is, compared to what he ran the risk of losing through discovery. Yet the evidence against him was powerful enough to convince of his guilt a man who would naturally be reluctant to believe such a thing of him; and unless some unlooked-for event occurred to disprove that evidence, it must convict him in a court of justice.

The forged check had been presented at the bank and cashed just before banking hours were over, and the cashier could tell nothing as to who presented it, beyond the general impression that it was a young man, with heavy black whiskers and mustache, like Charley. In short, being accustomed to cash Mr. Lamont's drafts through Charley, he had not observed but that it was he who presented this one; but could not swear either way.

The forged check bore about as strong a resemblance to Charley's hand as to Mr. Lamont's, when you looked a second time; and Mrs. Lamont produced something the housemaid had found in Charley's room, some torn sheets of paper, scrawled over and over, with Mr. Lamont's name written upon them, just as it was on the forged check. They found more of such specimens in Charley's trunk, and a roll of bank notes, which Charley denied all knowledge of, as well as the sheets of paper with Mr. Lamont's name on them.

I had plenty to think of while I sat there in Mrs. Lamont's back parlor, sewing; and sometimes of an evening Mr. Lamont came in and sat talking over Charley's case with his wife, so unconscious of me and my nearness to Charley, that I could scarcely bear it. I noticed in these talks that Mr. Lamont leaned towards Charley with some kindness still and would have explained the things against him if he could; but his wife took an entirely opposite view of the matter, and, I could see, influenced her husband by her representations. She laughed scornfully at the supposition that Charley was, after all, innocent. She told her husband he had been shamefully deceived and imposed upon by my brave, upright lover; that she had suspected all along that he was bestowing his confidence and kindness on one who knew not how to appreciate them.

Of course, the poor seamstress was not allowed to be any hindrance to these talks, and Mrs. Lamont had a fancy to overlook my sewing herself. I suspected that her husband kept her on far shorter allowance of pocket-money than she expected when she married him, and that was why she kept such a narrow watch upon me, and saw that I diligently improved all the time she paid for.

I could not help noticing that Mrs. Lamont displayed singular rancor towards poor Charley; and I could not help feeling that she would rather have him condemned than acquitted.

One day Mrs. Lamont sent me to her wardrobe to bring a dress that wanted altering. It was not where she said, and in seeking it, I exposed, hanging in a dark corner, some garments which I thought looked sadly out of place among such a number of fine lady's dresses. They were a suit of gentlemen's clothes—her husband's, perhaps, hung there by mistake. But, no! As I had replaced the dress that hung over them, I saw that there were broad gold straps upon the shoulders of the coat, and Mr. Lamont had never been in the army.

I remembered what the cashier at the bank had said about epaulets in connection with the presenter of the forged check; but I should have thought no more of it if I had not met Mrs. Lamont at the door of her apartment, coming to see what kept me. She eyed me narrowly, and asked me why I was so long.

"I could not find the dress," I said, and she seemed satisfied; but I caught her eyes fixed upon me with a curious expression several times that day. It set me thinking. I wondered if Mrs. Lamont had a brother in the army, and if that uniform belonged to him. I wondered what was in a long narrow box which I had observed in an inside pocket of the coat.

The next time I went to Mrs. Lamont's wardrobe for her, the lady was in her room; but I contrived, when her back was turned, to slip the cover off that box just enough to peep inside. It contained a pair of false whiskers so like Charley's, I should have thought them his, if I thought they would come off.

I thought more deeply than ever after that; and one day, when Mrs. Lamont had gone out shopping, I tried the door of her apartment. It was locked; of course I expected that, and taking from my pocket keys which I had procured for that purpose, I tried them one after another until I found one that would fit.

Having obtained an entrance, I did not go to the wardrobe—I had seen enough of that; I went to the lady's writing-desk—a dainty pearl and ebony affair; it was a present from her husband before their marriage.

I had to search a long time before I found what I wanted, and I was afraid every moment Mrs. Lamont might return. But my search was rewarded at length; and replacing everything as I had found it, without removing an article, I turned to go.

Mr. Lamont had returned home unexpectedly, and came up to his wife's apartment. He stood on the threshold, regarding me with a stern and amazed countenance. I caught at the back of a chair to sustain myself, for the room began to whirl and my breath came in gasps.

"Really, young woman, really——" he began.

I rallied.

"Now or never!" thought I. "It's for Charley."

"Mr. Lamont," said I, "wait a moment, and hear who I am before you judge me."

He looked at me inquiringly.

"I am Charley Stanford's promised wife. My business in Mrs. Lamont's apartments was to discover what I suspected I should find here—proofs of his innocence of the crime laid to his charge. I have found them."

"Young woman, are you aware of what you are saying?"

For answer, I opened the writing-desk again, and showed him what I had found there. It was merely part of a sheet traced over and over with his name.

"You will find," I said, as I gave it to him, "that this part of a sheet of paper has the same water-mark as that which was found in Mr. Stanford's apartment, and that all the paper which bears also the same remarkable specimens of calligraphy bears also the same water-mark as a quantity in Mrs. Lamont's writing-desk. Perhaps you never knew, sir, that Mr. Stanford once gave Mrs. Ryerson instructions in penmanship."

He had taken the bit of paper from my hand. He was looking blankly enough at it as I went on.

"You will find, sir, in that wardrobe, the very suit of clothes Mrs. Lamont wore when she presented the check at the bank. The suit is a gentleman's—a uniform. It belonged to her brother, but it will fit her; and there are false whiskers and moustaches in a box in one of the pockets. That Mrs. Lamont is the author of that check, the contriver of all this trouble, let her deny if she dare."

I addressed my last words to Mrs. Lamont herself. I flung them at her with almost vindictiveness, as she rushed into the room, the picture of dismay and guilty consternation.

She made some attempt at defence, but her husband stopped her. Opening the wardrobe, he saw what was there, and came to her with a face that grew red and white alternately with shame and horror.

They hushed the matter up somehow. I never knew the particulars, but Charley came out of it with a clear name, and Mr. Lamont was very kind to him; so kind to him that Charley and I were able to marry much sooner than we expected, and to live very comfortably, without my either taking in work or going out at more.

FAVORITE DISHES.—Dr. Rondelet, an ancient writer on fishes, was so fond of figs that he died in 1566 of a surfeit occasioned by eating them to excess. In a letter to a friend, Dr. Parr confesses his love of "hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce." Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he was told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he arose instantly and came down to table. A gentleman treated Dr. Johnson to new honey and clouted cream, of which he ate so heartily that his entertainer became alarmed. All his lifetime Dr. Johnson had a voracious appetite for a leg of mutton. Dryden, writing in 1699 to a lady, declining her invitation to a handsome supper, says, "I beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach."

THE OLD, OLD STORY.—"You are going with us to our pic-nic, ain't you?" asked little Tom. "Yes, my dear child," replied young Squippe. "Your sister honored me with an invitation, and I would not miss such an opportunity for anything in the world. By the way, Tom, here is a new silver dime. Now I want you to tell me something I want to know. Mr. Gayfellow isn't going, is he?" "Oh, yes!" "Hang him! I thought I should have your sister all to myself to-day." "But you shouldn't want to hang Mr. Gayfellow. He was the one who told sister to invite you." "He! Why, what did he want me for?" "To carry the baskets!"

"I DO not believe in this nonsense about Friday being an unlucky day," said Mrs. Minks. "Don't you, my dear?" replied Minks, who was a trifle out of humor. "I believe in it, though. Friday, you will remember, was the day I was lucky enough to ask you to marry me." "Ah, yes," Mrs. Minks responded, "so it was; and I was foolish enough to accept you. Yes, Friday is an unlucky day."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In the past thirty years the average of a man's life has improved 8 per cent.—from 41.9 to 45.2. Of every 1000 males born at the present day, 44 more attain the age of 35 than used to be the case previous to 1871; and every 1000 persons born since 1870 will live 2700 years longer. This is due to civilization, and especially to improved sanitary methods, which is adding an average of nearly ten years to human life in every century.

The natural healing of tubercles by calcination led a famous Vienna physician to experiment in the direction of producing artificial calcination on tuberculosis by hypodermic injections of what he calls calcium phosphoricum, or phosphated lime, and he now reports that he has cured the sufferers in every case. Many reputable Vienna physicians who have examined the system and its results are said to be convinced of its effectiveness.

The Queen of Roumania fell into a throne by falling down-stairs. When there was no Kingdom of Roumania in existence, she had laughingly said: "I do not want to marry unless I can be Queen of Roumania." Running down the palace stairs one day, at Berlin, her foot slipped, and she would probably have been killed but for Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who saw her danger and caught her in his outstretched arms. When Roumania chose him as a ruler he claimed the Princess as his bride.

The latest novelty is a "piano made of pretty girls." Upon entering the ball-room, the heads and shoulders of several young ladies were visible above a screen extending the length of the room. All the young ladies wore masks, and from their necks hung suspended a card, on which was printed a musical note. It did not take the audience long to discover that the humaniphone was simply a human piano. It was played by a young lady, who, armed with a wand, walked backward and forward. As she touched each of the other ladies with her wand, they uttered a different note. But so great was the success of the experiment that it will doubtless soon become very popular.

An important resolution has been passed by the London School Board. There is an impression abroad that masters and mistresses may refuse admittance to a child on the simple ground that it is barefoot. It appears, however, that the Board has not countenanced this rule, and hence-forward there will be no excuse for those who act upon it. This matter of covering the feet has taken a strange form in England. Many persons regard it as actually indecent to appear without shoes and stockings. A philanthropist whose goodness is famed through the north country, concentrated his benevolence in the village where he lived, on this detail, with the result that every urchin in the place had several sets of foot-gear, though he still went bare when an encounter with the old gentleman was likely. The "Lancet" warned us not long ago what mischief is caused by this cramping and inclosing the limbs in early years. They would be bold parents who acted on the warning, however. Prejudice is far stronger than science at this day, and the very first essay of "respectability" in England is to equip one's children in shoes and stockings.

The Crown Prince of Germany is said to be afflicted with a cancerous disorder in the throat. An operation of some difficulty, demanding unusual skill in the surgeon, has been performed, and a tumor cut from one of the vocal chords; but the physicians say this is only a temporary relief, and that the tumor may return in a more aggravated form. Such is the somewhat obscure report, purposely obscure perhaps, in order to present the fact as gently as possible, and to prepare the German people for a bitter disappointment. If the statement is trustworthy, the future of Europe is placed suddenly upon a new and unexpected basis. The expectation has been that a highly accomplished man, one of the first soldiers of the time, one who has proved his quality as a general on hotly-contested fields, and a man of remarkable self-control would soon ascend the throne of the great German Empire. His cousin, another eminent commander, died not long ago. Before his death the impression was almost universal that there was hardly two other generals in Europe able to stand before these great generals of the mighty German Empire. The prospect is now that the Crown Prince has only about two years to live. How suddenly and unexpected the plans of men are overturned, and their hopes dashed to the ground! How dependent human arrangements are upon a single life, or a few lives, which may suddenly be cut off!

BIRD SURGERY.—A citizen of Cleveland found a swallow's nest in his barn, and in it two young swallows. Upon taking one bird in his hand he saw that one of its legs was very thoroughly bandaged with horse-hair. He carefully removed the hairs one by one and then saw that the nestling's leg was broken. He visited the nest the next day, and the leg was again bandaged as before. The third visit was not so encouraging, and in about two weeks it was found that the bone was going to unite, only a few days, and finally, when all were taken off, the union of the bone was evidently perfect, and the bird was able to fly off with its mate.

Our Young Folks.

HOLDING BACK THE SEA.

BY HENRY PRITH.

OF ALL the wonderful countries in the world, and there are many, I do not think there is any one half so wonderful as Holland.

We have a saying here that "God made the country, but man made the town," but in Holland it is said "God made the world, but man made Holland," and "God made the sea, but man made the shore."

Ages ago Holland was a wild desolate place in the midst of seas and lakes, with here and there a forest of trees. The first people to settle here were some German tribes, and a hard time they had of it. First of all they had to build strong dykes or embankments round the place in which they were going to encamp, so as to keep out the sea and the waters of the rivers, which wandered where they would, without proper channels; and after that they built rude huts and hovels for themselves. Sometimes they would be able to hold their own for a long time, but it often happened that there would be storms and high tides, and then their settlements would be swept away.

Then they moved off somewhere else, living in the meantime as best they could on fish, and game, and sea-birds' eggs.

At length many of these tribes joined together, to see if they could not find some place where they would be more protected, and where they might unite in building big dykes or banks which should be able to resist the seas and the wandering rivers. So they first entrenched themselves; then they spread out farther afield and enclosed larger tracts of land; then they built dykes big enough to protect whole provinces, and at last they made a great sea-wall or embankment round the whole land.

But why was all this labor necessary? you will ask.

Well, it was because the country lies so low that the waters could sweep over it; and even to-day, although there are beautiful towns and cities in Holland, with hundreds and thousands of people, and thousands upon thousands of cattle, the land is lower than the sea.

The cities are built upon piles driven into the sand; the river-beds are higher than the tops of the houses, and at any moment, if the dykes were to burst, or the rivers to overflow, the whole country, with all its inhabitants, might be swept away.

It has been well said that "Holland is a conquest made by man over the sea. It is an artificial country. The Hollanders made it. It exists because the Hollanders preserve it. It will vanish whenever the Hollanders shall abandon it."

The dykes or embankments have been made in this way: First of all secure and massive foundations had to be laid, the ground being compressed to make it very solid.

Then walls, or dykes, were reared of earth, sand and mud, so tightly compressed as to be quite impervious to water. The whole was bound with twigs of willows interwoven with wonderful care, and the spaces filled with clay so as to make them almost hard as stone.

Then the dykes were planted with trees, which throw out a network of roots, and help to hold the whole structure firmly together.

On the dykes there are over 9,000 windmills always at work, pumping up the water to keep the land dry; and there are in the whole country nearly 1,150 miles of canals for diverting the waters, a good many of their bottoms being higher than the land they drain.

Every dyke in the land is under constant inspection, and every three years the network of willow twigs is renewed. It is one of the strangest sensations in the world to stand at the foot of one of these outer dykes at high tide and hear the angry breakers of the sea dashing against the other side of the wall, at a height of 16 or 18 feet above your head.

From the beginning of their history to the present time the Hollanders have had to fight the waters, and they will have to do so as long as their country exists.

There are two great sources of danger—the sea and the rivers; and either left neglected would very soon lead to hopeless ruin.

There is, therefore, a great institution, or society, in the country called the Waterstaat, for watching and controlling the water. Everybody in the land is obliged to obey its commands.

If any one see the water threatening to pour in, he must at once give the alarm, and all the people of the district, and of all the districts round about, must be summoned by the ringing of the alarm-bells and by the booming of cannon, and then old and young, rich and poor, soldiers and public servants, must all set to work together to fight the common foe.

Notwithstanding all the constant vigilance, there are terrible stories told in Holland of inundations. It is recorded that during thirteen centuries there has been one great inundation, besides smaller ones, every seven years.

When the great flood came, in the end of the thirteenth century, which formed the Zuyder Zee, 80,000 persons were drowned; in 1421, in one night, 72 villages and 100,000 persons were swept away, and even so recently as the year 1850, there was a great inundation which invaded three provinces.

There is a story told all over Holland—and it has been retold in almost all languages—of a boy, the son of a dykeman, who once saved the country, but whose name, strange to say, has not been preserved. He was only a little fellow eight years old, but like every child of that country, he knew of the danger in which he lived, and how at any time if he should see any sign of water coming in through an embankment, or sluice-gate, where it ought not, it was his bounden duty immediately to give the alarm.

One day he asked his father's permission to go to a village not far off to carry a present to a blind man who lived there, and who had often talked very kindly to him. He did not stay long at the village, for his father had bidden him to hurry home, but being only a very little boy he walked on and on, thinking of the words the blind man had spoken to him, and of a hundred other things, and paying very little heed to the way in which he was going.

After a long time he found that he had taken a wrong road, and was in a desolate part of the country close up by the great dykes.

It was in the month of October, and night was just coming on, so he climbed up the embankment to try and see the nearest way he could take to reach his home.

As he was descending he passed by one of the great flood-gates of the dyke. Pausing for just a moment before making a scamper off towards home, he heard a sound which filled him with dismay—it was the sound of water falling and trickling over stones.

He knew it was his duty to find out where it was, and very soon he saw a hole in the wood-work through which the water was coming pretty freely.

Examining it more carefully, he saw that the pressure was threatening to open up a wide crack in the gate; and child as he was he knew if it were not stopped that little stream would soon become a cascade, a great sheet of water, a torrent, and then a terrible inundation which would end in desolation and death.

So the little fellow did not hesitate. He determined to try and prevent the mischief. reaching up to the hole he placed his finger in it, but soon found that the wood was rotten, and that the small hole would soon become larger.

So he took off his jacket, and, tearing off a sleeve, he inserted part of this in the hole, and for a time it resisted the water. But not for long.

He found that the pressure was not strong and even enough, and that there was nothing for it but to tear away the edges of the decaying wood, and then to put his arm, encased in the other sleeve of the jacket, into the hole.

To his delight he found that it exactly fitted and effectually stayed the water. Meanwhile the night was growing darker, and he was far from home. But the brave little man would not leave his post.

He called at the top of his voice, but there was no one to answer, and his only hope was that some of the dykemen going their rounds might hear his voice and come to his relief.

But no one came. Hours passed away and still he was alone, and still the water was resisted. He was in terrible pain, however, for in that chill October night the water was very cold, and his hand and arm and shoulder were so benumbed that he knew not how he could endure it.

Then he thought that if he did not persevere the waters would come in and perhaps drown his father and his mother and the neighbors, and he knew not how many more besides, and so he determined, however great the pain might be, to bear it, God helping him.

Very long and very terrible were those dark hour of the night, and the poor child cried bitterly with the pain and the terror, but he did not remove his arm.

At last, in the early morning, he heard what seemed to be the sound of footsteps, and raising his voice to its highest pitch he soon had the joy of seeing that some one was approaching.

It was a clergyman who had been spending the night by the bedside of a dying man, and was returning home with the first gleams of the morning.

He was horrified to see a little boy, pale, jacketless, shivering, with eyes swollen with tears, and a face that was contorted with pain.

"Why are you here, my boy? What are you doing?" he asked anxiously.

"I am holding back the sea!" said the little hero.

And it was literally true—that child's arm had held back the enemy that would have come in with a flood, carrying death and terrible destruction.

ABOUT TATTOOING.

SOME of the readers of these pages, I dare say, have seen pictures of New Zealand chiefs in their geographies or other books. If so, they cannot have failed to notice the curious designs traced upon their faces. These scroll-like marks are the result of an operation which lasts sometimes for six weeks, and which is attended with extreme pain.

The process is called tattooing, and a person who has undergone it is said to be tattooed. It is practised very extensively amongst the natives of New Zealand and the South Sea Islands generally, by women as well as men, whose bodies are covered with patterns of an elaborate, or fantastic, or picturesque description, though sometimes the design is of a comparatively simple sort.

Nearly every sailor has tattoo-marks on his arm—an anchor, ship, initials, or what not—and unless I am much mistaken, some of the lads now perusing these sentences have now and then ornamented (or disfigured) their hands and arms with similar signs.

In New Zealand the tattoo-marks run in unbroken lines, while in the South Sea Islands they are in dotted lines. The pain of the process in both cases is most acute, especially in the former.

In New Zealand the figures are formed by driving little chisels, which have been dipped in some coloring-matter, through the skin. In the South Sea Islands a series of punctures are made with a fish-bone, which is, however, sometimes used as a needle.

Every variety of design is employed—trees, flowers, animals, weapons, and so forth. It is considered a disgrace for the person being tattooed to give way to any sign of suffering, but as the pain is so exquisite, cries of torture occasionally rise to the lips.

In order, therefore, to drown such cries, and so preserve the patient's reputation for bravery, it is usual for a number of his female friends to sing songs throughout the operation. Some tattooers acquire great skill in their art, and will form a design which shall be beautiful, elaborate, or otherwise, according to the fee.

But in any case it is well to deal liberally with the artist, lest he should allow the chisel to slip "accidentally on purpose," and produce a permanent disfigurement instead of a fine design.

The coloring-matter in which the tool is dipped is a thick mixture, prepared by rubbing down charcoal in oil or water. The pattern appears black on a brown skin, and dark blue on the skin of a white man, and is of course indelible.

Since the process is so painful, why do the Maoris of New Zealand and others submit themselves to it? They look upon the tattooing as a kind of personal adornment; and, you know, there is no accounting for tastes.

The ways of savage and civilized races are past finding out. Some wear articles in their noses, ears and lips; others flatten the heads of their babies. Chinese ladies' feet are compressed to such an extent that they wobble when they walk.

The Zulus of Africa and other peoples arrange their hair in the most extraordinary styles. These peculiar fashions are no doubt indulged in under the impression that they add to the beauty of those who adopt them.

And so we find it in the case of tattooing, though the custom is also supposed—in the case of men—to mark the transition from youth to manhood, being performed usually at that period. To a small extent it is also believed to be employed as a badge of mourning or sign of respect for a departed friend.

The tattoo is regarded as an honor, and is reserved for free men only, slaves in New Zealand not being permitted to undergo the operation. Oddly enough, those who are accustomed to see tattooed people think that natives without it look bare and "unfinished." Tattooing is said to be on the wane.

JOCKO'S TRICK.

"You idle, good-for-nothing fellow you! What! I lodge you and your monkey in my stable, give you supper and breakfast, and then, when it comes to paying—why, you have not so much as a brass farthing!" and Herr Muller's sharp face grew red with passion.

Poor little Paolo's turned white as he hugged his only friend, his beloved Jocko, and stammered out an apology. He had expected to find an audience for the little creature's clever tricks, but had been disappointed; no one coming to the inn had given him anything.

"I am very sorry, sir," he began humbly.

But Herr Muller was unfortunately in the worst of tempers that morning, and before Paolo could divine his intention he had seized Jocko firmly by the neck, and carried him into the house.

"Now be off with you!" he called back roughly. "And don't come back without some money. When you pay me what you owe me, I'll let you have your monkey, and not before."

In another minute poor Jocko was locked up securely in the cellar, while his master walked slowly away in great despair.

How could he earn money enough to pay the landlord without Jocko's aid? Who would listen to his squeaky tin whistle when Jocko was not there to dance and bow, and make the oddest of grimaces, and cut the queerest of capers?

In the meantime the captive sat upon a barrel in the cellar, his comical little face puckered up sadly, and his tail hanging down limply, in melancholy fashion.

Presently a servant came down to draw some wine—an operation which the monkey watched with great interest.

Then another man brought a can, and filled it with beer from a large cask in the corner, after which Jocko's spirits rose wonderfully, for it became apparent to him that there was mischief for an intelligent monkey to do, even in a cellar.

Could he turn the taps of the barrels? Could he! Splash, splash, splash, all around the cellar! Oh, what glorious fun!

But Herr Muller thought differently when he came down and found all the taps turned, and his precious wine and beer pouring down upon the floor, while Jocko danced around on the tops of the barrels frantic with delight.

Truly it was a sight for a landlord!

"Here, Hans! Peter! Lisbeth!" shouted Herr Muller, rushing from tap to tap.

Ah! the cellar door was left open. What a piece of fortune for Jocko! In the twinkling of an eye he had darted up the steps, across the passage, and out of the door.

His sharp eyes quickly caught sight of a disconsolate little figure in the distance, and very soon, who so happy as Paolo and naughty Jocko, as they trudged away into the country as fast as their legs could carry them?

D. K.

AN OCULIST'S TEST.—In a large factory in which were employed several hundred persons, one of the workmen, in wielding his hammer, carelessly allowed it to slip from his hand. It flew half-way across the room and hit a fellow-workman in the left eye. The man averred that his eye was blinded by the blow, although a careful examination failed to reveal any injury, there being not a scratch visible. He brought a suit in the courts for compensation for the loss of half of his eyesight, and refused all offers of compromise.

Under the law the owner of the factory was responsible for any injury resulting from an accident of this kind, and, although he believed that the man was shamming, and that the whole case was an attempt at swindling, he had about made up his mind that he would be compelled to pay the claim. The day of the trial arrived, and in open court an eminent oculist retained by the defence examined the alleged injured member, and gave it as his opinion that it was as good as the right eye.

Upon the plaintiff's loud protest of his inability to see with his left eye, the oculist proved him a perjurer, and satisfied the court and jury of the falsity of his claim. And how do you suppose he did it? Why, simply by knowing that the colors green and red combined made black.

He prepared a black card on which a few words were written with green ink. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the right eye being red and the one for the left eye consisting of ordinary glass. Then the card was handed him and he was ordered to read the writing on it. This he did without hesitation, and the cheat was at once exposed.

The sound right eye, fitted with the red glass, was unable to distinguish the green writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye, which he pretended was sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done.

THE HATS OUR FATHERS WORE.—The fashion in headgear for men and boys has undergone a great change during the last thirty years. Now caps of cloth are rarely seen except on men in uniform or on foreign arrivals, and the silk hat is worn more than anything else, though the felt hat is usurping the place of both these head coverings, especially for young men in the middle class, except when some state occasion demands the traditional "tall hat," and there are very few wearers of these who know their composition. Once, when the "beaver" hat was actually a beaver skin fashioned into a hat, the name was appropriate. Subsequent improvements reduced the price of "beavers" by changing the material, which became beaver fur—sometimes cheaper fur—attached by a glue or cement to a hat body of felt. Still later the fur was replaced by a silk plush, glued on to a felt form or body. But of late years even the felt body has been discarded for one of coarse muslin or canvas, steeped in the same stiffening liquor used on the felt body—shellac dissolved in alcohol—and receiving the outer covering of silk plush by the melting of the lac glue by means of a hot iron.

A FASHIONABLE MOUSE.—"We do live in the meanest little hole in the world, mamma," said a young lady mouse. "I really am ashamed of asking my fashionable friends to call."

"Well, my dear, I was born in this hole, and it has been the homestead of our family since our remote ancestor came over in a big cheese in the 'Mayflower.' But times change, and we must change with them."

So to please her daughter the good-natured matron had the hole enlarged, and the furniture renovated, and by the addition of a few articles of vertu and bric-a-brac it assumed quite a genteel appearance.

One day, returning from a ramble, they found an old rat had taken possession. They asked him very civilly to leave their hole. "Your hole," he exclaimed, "don't tell me this is a mouse-hole. It is a rat-hole. Look at its size. A cousin of mine died in this neighborhood lately, and this must be his house, and I will keep it."

Moral.—Some people go on enlarging their houses, their ideas, and their expenses, till at last too much enlarging bursts up everything. We look for them in vain, and find their luxurious dwellings have passed into other hands.

THE DISGRACED FOX.—A fox who had dined on a fat goose, preserved the skin and feathers and put them on for a sly visit to a poultry-yard. He, however, acted his part so badly, running on four legs when he ought to have waddled on two, that he was hissed off the barn-floor by two venerable ganders.

Moral.—Never attempt a role for which you have no talent. Whatever you do, don't make a goose of yourself.

WHEN a fond father goes out into the barn and finds his son has got a neighbor's boy to tickle the family mule's hind leg with a pitchfork, while the aforesaid son, clad in base-ball mask and gloves, tries to stop the kick at short range, the father feels sure that the base-ball season is at its height.

AT LAST.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Rest here, at last,
The long way overpast—
Rest here at home:
Thy race is run,
Thy dreary journey done,
Thy last peak clomb.

'Twixt birth and death
What days of bitter breath
Were thine, alas!
Thy soul had sight
To see by day, by night,
Strange phantoms pass—

Thy restless heart
In no glad things had part,
But dwelt alone;
And night and day,
In the old weary way,
Made the old man moan.

But here is rest,
For weary brain and breast.
Deep rest, complete,
And nevermore,
Heart-weary and foot-sore,
Shall stray thy feet.

Thy feet that went
With such long discontent
Their wonted beat
About thy room,
With its deep-seated gloom—
Or thro' the street.

Death gives them ease—
Death gives their spirit peace—
Death lulls thee, quite—
One thing alone
Death leaves thee of thine own—
Thy starless night.

CURIOUS HOLDINGS.

All through the monarchical countries of Europe lands were held from the sovereigns by strange tenures or payments, but by none stranger than those in fashion in England.

The service for certain lands in Rode, Northamptor, consisted in finding for the king's use "one horse of the price of five shillings, and one sack of the price of fourpence halfpenny, with one small pin for forty days." Probably this "small pin" was used to fasten, or attach, the sack, which may have been employed to carry fodder for the horse. That the horses were tolerably cared for, even in those days, seems to be proved by the fact that the manor of Cherburgh, in Dorset, was held "by the service of one horse-comb, price fourpence, to be paid yearly;" and that certain lands in the hundred of Loseberg, in the same country, were held "of our lord the king, by the serjeanty of finding a certain horse-comb, or curry-comb," etc.

Amongst other miscellaneous services by which lands were held may be mentioned certain instances of hose. Thus, Cottington, in Nottingham, was held by the service of presenting to the king a pair of scarlet hose yearly; Eldresfield, in Worcester, was held by rendering to Robert, Earl of Glouster, hose of scarlet on his birthday; and Henley, in Warwick, was held by Edmund, Lord Stafford, by the service of three shillings, or a pair of scarlet hose.

Pushill, in Oxfordshire, was held by paying yearly to the king a table-cloth of three shillings' price. For lands in King's-Brome, in Warwick, Richard de Sanford rendered yearly a pair of tongs. The manor of Grenock, in Sussex, was held by Matthew de Hastings, by the service of finding an oar for the king's use when he should pass over the sea to the haven of Hastings.

The owners of Ashwell, in Essex, in the time of Henry II., held their lands by the service of finding a broche, or spit of maple, to roast the kings meat on the day of his coronation; while Nicholas la More rendered at the exchequer two knives—one good, and the other a very bad one—the service due to the king for his lands of More, in Shropshire, being two knives (or whittles), "whereof one ought to be of that value or goodness that at the first stroke it would cut asunder, in the middle, a hazel rod of a year's growth."

A very different class of tenure services is met with in great numbers having reference to the chase. Ardley, in Essex, was held by the serjeantry of keeping a sparhawk. Barges, in Surrey, formerly paid a sparrow-hawk, or in lieu thereof, two shillings, to the Archbishop of Canterbery.

Barton, in Nottingham, was held of King John by the service of yielding to the king yearly one sear-hawk. In the time of Edward I., John de Audeley rendered a mewed sparrow-hawk for the manor of Echemendon, in Shropshire. Elkesley, in Nottingham; Esperett, in Somerset; and Huntlesham, in Suffolk, were all held by similar service; while the lands of Hertrug, in Berkshire, were held by the "serjeantry of mewing and keeping one goshawk for the lord the king."

For lands in Wingfield, Suffolk, were paid "to our lord the king, two white doves yearly;" and similar payments are elsewhere met with. Lands at Aslabie, in Yorkshire, were held by the service of teaching one hare-dog belonging to the king; while Henry II. "enfeoffed one Boscher, his servant, with the manor of Bericote, in the county of Warwick, by the service of keeping a white young brach, with red ears, to be delivered to the king at the year's end, and then to receive another to breed up, with half a quarter of bran."

Boyton, in Essex, was held by the serjeantry of keeping, for the king, five wolf-dogs. Middleton Lillebon, in Wilts, was held by a nearly similar service; and Little Useworth, in Durham, was held "by the service of finding for the aforesaid bishop [Hatfield, 1361] one man with a greyhound in his great chase, if summoned;" while the city of Norwich, besides other payments, was bound to furnish "a bear and six dogs for the bear;" so that even in the time of King Edward, the Confessor, bear-baiting appears to have been a recognized pastime among our ancestors.

The term "pepper-corn rent" is a familiar one to us all, and instances of such rent having been fixed are neither few nor far between. Thus, Bermeton, in Durham, was held by the service of three grains of pepper yearly; Finchley, in Middlesex, by the annual rent of a pound of pepper; Highgate, in Denbigh, was leased for a term of 500 years at the annual rent of one peppercorn; and for a fortieth part of one knight's fee in the manor of Leyham, in Suffolk, Philippa Ross rendered "one capon and the third part of one capon, and the third part of one pound of pepper." A similar custom was that of Pokerly, in Durham, which lands were held "by one clove on St. Cuthbert's day, in September, for all other services."

All the foregoing examples of services may be regarded as, to some extent, reasonable, though inadequate as payment for the lands held; but many of the services rendered appear to be purely arbitrary and capricious, as when a farm at Brook-house, in Yorkshire, was held by the payment of a "snowball at Midsummer, and a red rose at Christmas."

Roses often appear in these services. Lands in Crendon, in Buckinghamshire, were held by the "service of one chaplet of roses at Christmas. For the manor of Fulmer, in the same county, Sir Marmaduke Darel rendered one red rose yearly; as did Ralph de Belvoir for lands in Mickelham, Surrey; and Sir William Sandes for the manor of Stene and Hinton, in Northampton.

Grains of Gold.

Conscience is the heart's safety valve.

Genius is only entitled to respect when it promotes the peace and improves the happiness of mankind.

Cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life. Peevishness covers with its dark fog even the most distant horizon.

The intelligent man will prize those studies which will result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness and wisdom.

The use we make of our fortune determines its sufficiency. A little is enough if used wisely, and too much if expended foolishly.

If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they gain to the good cause!

Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing, or spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends; bad words make enemies.

No one in anger is fit to estimate an offense or redress a wrong; and he who attempts it is sure to have cause for regret, if not for bitter repentance.

Take heed of jesting; many have been ruined by it. It is hard to jest and not sometimes jeer too; which oftentimes sinks deeper than we intended or expected.

Each time thou wishest to decide upon performing some enterprise, raise thy eyes to heaven, pray God to bless thy project; if thou canst make that prayer, accomplish thy work.

Of all the passions, jealousy is that which enrolls the basest servants, and pays the bitterest wages. To submit is to make the success of our enemy; to anger, to be sure of it.

It is best to strive to cultivate an interest in simple, innocent and inexpensive pleasures. We may thus aid in diffusing that spirit of contentment which is of itself a rich and permanent possession.

Femininities.

Piety communicates a divine lustre to the female mind.

"It is only the forgotten who are dead," said George Eliot.

The thread of love is very strong, but it is often in a tangle.

A rich girl may be homely, but she will never know it by hearsay.

Generally speaking, blue eyes signify constancy and devotion to friends.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

How many people would be mute if they were forbidden to speak well of themselves and evil of others?

A Georgia girl has been born without a chin. This will not make her less handy with the stove lifter.

Self possession in a young woman is well enough for a while, but she shouldn't keep it up too long.

The busybody labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, and dies without tears.

A silver handled riding whip, with a gay colored lash, is something that every fair equestrienne should have.

Large opals in combination with diamonds and other stones are used in the gorgeous insect pins now so popular.

French parasols for mourning and dressy afternoon wear are made of the same material as the dress with which they are worn.

A traveling costume should not be of rough material which can hold cinders and dust. Serge is the best possible fabric for this purpose.

The name of the bat is never uttered at night by the common people in India, the belief being that the utterer would soon lose all his property.

Before marriage the question a girl asks her lover most often is: "Do you really love me?" After marriage the query becomes: "Is my hat on straight?"

Gray eyes are the most expressive of all eyes, and denote strong qualities of mind and soul. Persons with gray eyes usually have a great deal of patriotism.

The last person to speak the old Cornish language in England was a woman. When a woman ceases to speak a language, that language is dead indeed.

In kitchen-French, "salmi" means a rich stew of game, cut up and dressed, when half roasted, and "sauter" to toss meat, etc., over the fire in a little fat.

The main characteristics of the violet eye, which is called the woman's eye, are affection and purity, chivalric belief, and limited or deficient intellectuality.

The leaves that give out the sweetest fragrance are those that are the most cruelly crushed; so the hearts of those who have suffered most can feel for others' woes.

Mrs. Homespun, who has a terrible time every morning to get her young brood out of their beds, says she cannot understand why children are called the rising generation.

Women who are past their girlhood will be glad to know that girls are hopelessly out of fashion nowadays, and that 27 is the proper age. The consequence is a whole army of 27-year-olds.

Queen Victoria makes the curious rule not to permit any lady to court who has been divorced. In America ladies frequently become divorced for the sole purpose of again going to court.

When a Polish Jewess is married it is usual for her own hair to be cut off and replaced by a wig, for the purpose, it is said, of lessening her attractions in the eyes of men other than her own husband.

A widow, speaking of her dear departed, remarked with emotion: "I shall never, never forget the date of his death, such a terrible blow it was to me!" "How long ago did he die?" "Two or three years."

One of the most curious ideas about marriage is to be noted in Viti, one of the Fiji Islands, where the general belief is that to gain entrance into heaven it is necessary to be married and to furnish the certificate of it to the Divine Master.

The word of her mouth is the law of her children's youth; the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience. She speaketh, and her servants fly; she pointeth, and the thing is done; for the law of love is in their hearts; her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

Iron rust may be removed from delicate garments, upon which you dare not try oxalic acid, by mixing the juice of a lemon with some salt; put this over the rusted spots, and then hold over the spout of a steaming tea-kettle. This is almost always effectual.

Eva: "I suppose these extremely nice looking young men are the students of house surgeons or something?" Maud: "No doubt. Do you know, Eva, I feel I should very much like to be a hospital nurse." Eva: "How strange! Why the very same idea has just occurred to me."

The Japanese look upon their wives as servants, but it is said they never beat them. Their marriage ceremony is simple. The couple drink wine together three times, exchanging cups on each occasion, in the presence of friends of both sexes; the lady's teeth are blackened, her eyebrows shaven, and the ceremony is complete.

In every house there should be a little [illegible] a cold season [illegible] a dozen little [illegible] getting [illegible] all [illegible] a bottle of [illegible] a box of [illegible] a package of [illegible] a box of [illegible] a package of [illegible] a box of [illegible] a package

Recent Book Issues.

"Methods of Church Work," by Rev. Sylvanus Stall. This is a most comprehensive and practical work treating on this subject. It covers the whole ground, and covers it wisely and effectively. It treats the subject in all its varied practical relations, religious, social and financial. The author's little work, "How to Pay Church Debts," has aided a multitude of churches in extinguishing their indebtedness. This work cannot fail to bring aid to thousands who keenly feel the importance of the great work to which they have been called, and yet who realize the great lack of knowledge how to accomplish the greatest good, and the largest results. Price, $1.50. Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

A new and promising serial—"A Man by the Name of John," by Florence M. King—is begun in *Cassell's Family Magazine* for July. "Bunch" is the title of a sketch on the servant girl question by the now famous author of "How to be Happy Though Married," "Some Old School Books" shows us with pen and pencil, how great has been the advance since the days of the "horn book" to the present, in the implements for education. Certain "Phases of a Woman's Life," discusses spinsterhood and widowhood. An article that will be widely read and freely discussed is "An Englishman on Americanisms." The Family Doctor has a good deal to say that is very sensible about children's diet. There are hints about the garden for this month. The fashion letters from London and Paris are full of suggestions, and "The Gatherer" has much that is of scientific interest. Terms $1.50 a year. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

St. Nicholas for July has a strongly patriotic flavor appropriate to the Fourth. There are stories, poems, and sketches of a patriotic character. Even the "Brownies" becomes imbued with the prevalent enthusiasm, and celebrate the day at night. Frank R. Stockton has an entertaining description of life "In English Country," illustrated. H. H. Boyesen commences a new "Tale of Two Continents," the frontispiece forming the principal illustration. Alexander Black, an amateur with a professional's experience, gives, in "The Amateur Camera," some useful hints to his fellow amateurs who have not his experience. "Jaun and Jaunita" are conducted again through another series of adventures; and James Otis tells how the boarders in "Jenny's Boarding-house" recovered from the fire and made a startling discovery. Charles G. Leland has an article on "Bead and Wire Inlaying," there are Jingles by Mrs. Bellows, Margaret Vandegrift, and N. P. Babcock, and poems by F. D. Sherman, George Cooper, Henry Tyrrell, Anna M. Pratt, Clara G. Dolliver and others. The Century Co., New York.

In the July number of *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* Miss Magruder contributes the complete novel of the number, "At Anchor," a bright, vivacious sketch of life on a Southwestern farm. Miss Rives has a wonderful short story, "The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth." The fourth of the series of essays on college life, by undergraduates now taking the course, deals with the University of Virginia. There is also a bitter and amusing attack on West Point. Lucy C. Lillie, under the title, "The Mistress of the White House," gives a gossipy, readable account of the most prominent ladies who have occupied that position, and concludes with a personal sketch of Mrs. Cleveland. "The Unpopular Kitchen" discusses the servant-girl question. The poetry is contributed by Thomas Nelson Page, Robert Burns Wilson, Charles W. Coleman, and Maurice F. Egan. The departments are bright and readable. Price, 25 cents per number.

The American Magazine for July contains an interesting account, with illustrations, of the "Methakahtla" enterprise among the Indians of British Columbia, which is making such a stir just now. The article is by Z. L. White, a graceful and forceful writer. Other important papers, also illustrated, are that of Rev. S. W. Culver, on "Colored Schools in the Southwest," and that of Moses P. Handy, on "Literary Life in Philadelphia." Edgar Fawcett's novel, "Olivia Delaplaine," is illustrated, as are several of the shorter articles. The literary contents of this magazine are of a high order, and in its selection of articles solid reading is judiciously blended with that which is in lighter vein, but all are attractively written. Published at Brooklyn, New York.

The July *Eclectic* has a fine steel engraving as a frontispiece, being the beginning of a new volume, the 46th. It is almost superfluous to enlarge on the general excellences of this publication, containing, as it does, month by month, the choicest selections from the foreign, specially the English magazines and reviews. Articles of special interest are "Nature and Books," "The American State and the American Man," "Mental Differences Between Men and Women," "Infant Railroads," "An Apology for Armies," and "Wealth and the Working Classes," by W. H. Mallock, a continuation from the May number. Mr. Rorvians has a most searching and subtile study of men and women and their differences. A very entertaining paper is that by a French critic, Francis Paul, on the great French idol, Victor Hugo. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York. Terms, $5 per year.

THE tree overthrown by the wind had more branches than roots.

A Shattered Idol.

BY M. K. D.

FOR the first ten years of her life, Amy Felton lived in a quiet country parsonage in Berkshire; but when her father obtained preferment to a more important living near London, and she found herself in the train with the village and the old school-house flying past her, as it seemed to her young eyes, she began to cry.

"Don't you like to go to London, pet?" asked her mother.

"Yeth," lisped Amy, "yeth, but I can't ever play with thweet 'ittle Cissie Graham."

Cissie Graham was the youngest of the numerous family of a dissipated, half-pay captain, who lived at Rushmere chiefly because he had not the means to move, and loving Amy had taken an immense fancy to the child—a pretty, gipsy-looking creature, who chattered and laughed her way into the heart of the rector's daughter, who had no brothers or sisters of her own.

It was when Amy was twenty-three that her mother and father were called to make a long journey on account of the severe illness and probable death of the only surviving parent of the latter, and as Amy had only seen the old lady once in her early childhood, and there would probably be no recognition of her, it was determined to leave her at home, with permission to ask any friend she chose to stay with her.

Amy determined on the instant to write to Cissie Graham, and ask her to come and see her, and renew the intimacy of the past. She could not be mistaken in feeling that in Cissie she should find a sister—she, who had never had either sister or brother.

She wrote the letter, and enclosed it in another to the postmaster of Rushmere, asking him, if the Grahams were gone, to re-address the letter.

To her surprise she received this note in reply:

"MISS FELTON—I have, as you requested, forwarded the note you sent me to the Grahams, who moved away some years ago; but I think I ought to warn you that you might not feel pleased to renew the acquaintance. I think I would not if I were you. The Grahams have gone down, and not up, in the world. I hope you won't think it a liberty for me to advise."

Amy threw the letter aside.

"How much people think of money," she exclaimed scornfully. "Down, indeed! Well, I'll make it all the pleasanter for Cissie, if I get her here. Poor, pretty creature."

She waited awhile very anxiously. At last a letter came from Cissie. It was very gushing, and not entirely well-spelt; but, at least, the young woman pretended to remember old times, the childish love, and all the fun.

Come! Oh, certainly, she'd come at once to see her dear, dear, dear Amy.

The spelling was bad but Amy made the best of it; and there are excellent people who, whatever their advantages, cannot learn to spell.

The romantic girl put the best bedroom in order, and hung in it a little water-color of the picturesque old village, which an artist friend of her father's had once painted for them; and when a cab stopped at the door, she ran downstairs trembling with agitation.

"Oh, Cissie, dear!"

"Oh, Amy!"

The two looked at each other, and kissed, and Cissie's kisses smelt of the same perfume as her letters.

She was a young person, with black hair fringed on her forehead, and in a rather tumbled condition at the back. She was not ugly. In fact she was pretty in feature and color; but she might have put her hat less on one side, and her parasol was too gay, and she wore too many rings. Still, poverty did not seem the trouble.

"You dear angel, where shall the man put my trunk?" she asked. "I haven't brought much."

"Upstairs. The front room," said Amy, speaking to the cabman.

"I'm quite alone; pa and ma——"

"Oh, yes, goosey. You told me about the poor old lady being about to kick the bucket. Will she cut up fat, d'ye know?" cried Cissie with a wriggle that was all her own.

"Poor grandma. Cut up—oh! there won't be any—any. It's ordinary illness," almost sobbed Amy.

"Bless your soul I only wanted to ask if she'd leave property."

"Indeed, I haven't asked," said Amy coldly. "Will you go to your room, Miss Graham?"

"Miss Graham! You shan't be ceremonious with me!" cried the guest with another wriggle. "You shan't call me anything but Cissie, your own Cissie. Now I'll go and dress; I am going to make myself charming this evening, because I expect a visitor, and I told him to bring another fellow with him. Oh, lovey, dovey, how glad I am to see you!" and Cissie skipped upstairs.

Amy did not follow her; she went into her own room instead, and walking up and down, asked herself what she should do—what she should do?

This was certainly the Cissie of the old Rushmere days—the big eyes, the pretty, up-tilted nose proved it—but what a woman!

"However," said Amy, "it is my fault. Vulgar or not, she must be treated politely while she is here as my guest."

She kept back the hot, angry tears of disappointment, and was ready to ask her guest down to tea when she appeared in flaming red cashmere, with a tremendous train, and a bouquet of artificial flowers the size of a dinner-plate projecting from her chest.

"Tea!" she said. "Oh, how nice to be so rustic! We always dine at seven; but it's lovely to return to old ways. We all took tea at six in Rushmere. Did you do it to remind me of the past, goosey?"

"No," said Amy. "It is my usual time."

The conversation that ensued was very one-sided, Cissie rattling on without pause, full of herself and the conquests her beauty made.

"I might have been 'my lady' if I liked, dear," she burst forth after awhile. "Sir Jasper Trevor proposed three times. But I said no; I would not give my hand where I could not give my heart."

"Thank Heaven, she has one proper sentiment," thought poor Amy. "I am so glad you feel that way, Cissie," she said aloud.

"Oh, yes; besides, he's as poor as a church mouse, you know, and that wouldn't suit my book."

There was some chat after this about Rushmere and the old romps, and Amy began to think Cissie not so bad after all, when the bell rang, and the servant announced—

"Two gentlemen for Miss Graham."

The gentleman introduced as Mr. Montague St. Claire, and Mr. Augustus Algernon Aubery, were attired in the latest fashions. They cultivated large moustaches, and were loud of voice.

Amy felt instinctively that their presence was an insult; she was disgusted, frightened, sick at soul, but could do nothing whatever.

Suddenly she saw her old servant, Phœbe, beckoning at the door, and, with an "excuse me a moment," slipped out.

The old woman was white with fright, and her eyes nearly started out of her head.

"Don't speak, miss," she said; "come here." And, leading her into the library, shut the door.

And Amy saw a policeman, who was in uniform.

"Beg pardon, miss," he said; "but I see some parties come in here as I've got my eye on. Do you know them?"

Amy, who saw that there was some good reason for this inquiry, told him the story of her school friendship, her letter, and the visit.

"I never saw the men before," she added. "They have called on Miss Graham."

"I'm sorry to say, miss," proceeded the officer, "that they're all a bad lot. My men are outside the house; but, out of respect to your family, I wished you to be away when the arrest was made."

"Bad as she is, she is my guest. I ought not to help entrap her. I should give her a chance to escape."

"My romantic young lady, she probably intends to rob the house to-night," said the officer, "and it is my duty to put it out of your power to give her any warning whatever." With which words he left the room, and locked her inside.

When Miss Graham and her friends were searched at the station-house, their pockets were full of spoons, napkin rings, and any light silver-ware they could conveniently stow away during the absence of their hostess.

But poor Amy felt, as she received them back, that though they would have been a pecuniary loss, she had lost something far more valuable—the ardent tenderness that she had cherished all her life for that imaginary sister of her soul—sweet little Cissie Graham.

That Basket.

BY T. B. C.

WE must try to keep the day after a fashion," sighed Mrs. Forder to her daughter Lina; "though, to-be-sure, two poor chickens and a pie won't be much of a dinner."

"How different it used to be in the country, where we used to kill the fattest gobbler in the flock for our Christmas dinner, and made plenty of pudding and mince-meat! But, law! it's different in the city—that is, if you ain't made of money! The markets are lined with turkeys and fowls of all kinds, and vegetables by the wagon-load; but it takes a forchin to get 'em a'most. I give six-and-six fur chickens; I did want to git a few other things, but Ton had set his heart on havin' a pudding, so I made one."

Mrs. Forder shook her head as she turned over the contents of the little worn market-basket on the kitchen table.

"Oh, we can make quite a nice dinner of these," said Lina, lifting up the chickens; "and I have a little money left. We can buy a dish of jelly with it. I walked home to-night, and saved it on purpose."

"But it won't seem quite like a Christmas dinner unless we have some one to help us eat it," persisted Mrs. Forder. "I've always been used to havin' the house full on Christmas-Day, an' it don't seem right to set down an' eat what we've got all by ourselves."

"There's old Mr. Brown, that lives up in the third story," suggested Lina. "He's as poor as we are, if not poorer. Suppose we ask him to have dinner with us?"

"Why, to be sure," said her mother, brightening up. "I'll send Tom up to ask him as soon as he comes in."

The Forders occupied two rooms in the back part of a respectable house in a good square.

The rooms were small and not very comfortable, to be sure, but they were good and cheap, and poor as they were it took about all Lina could earn to pay the rent and buy food, fuel and clothing for herself, her mother, and eight-year-old Tom, who went to school, and wore out more jackets and trousers than he was worth, so his mother declared.

Tom soon came in, when he was at once despatched to invite old Mr. Brown to the Christmas dinner the next day.

"All right, mother! Mr. Bastick says he'll come."

"Mr. Bastick!" cried Lina.

"Mr. Bastick!" shrieked the widow. "Oh, Tom, you never asked him!"

"Yes, I did," declared Tom, boldly. "Why, you told me to ask him!"

"I said Mr. Brown, you dreadful boy! And now, what are we going to do?"

Lina began to cry.

"Two little chickens, as big as partridges, and a few miserable turnips and a pudding. Oh, Tom, Tom! what made you do such a thing?"

"Well, shall I go back and tell him not to come?" asked the boy, practically.

"No, no—of course not!" cried his sister, drying her tears and beginning to laugh at the ridiculous side of the affair. "We must make the best of it now, of course; but what will he think of us? I can stuff these miserable little fowls with some stale bread-crumbs," she added, as her mother looked hopelessly on. "And we must polish up the bits of silver and 'put the best foot foremost;' but it will be a ridiculous dinner after all."

Mr. Leonard Bastick was a bachelor, well-to-do and good-looking, Lina admitted, who occupied the second-story front room in Mrs. Campbell's house, and took his meals out.

Mr. Bastick had frequently towed to Mrs. Forder, as they met in the halls or on the staircase, and had even exchanged a few words with Lina; and once he had brought her home under his umbrella, during a heavy rain.

But what would he think of them for inviting him to a Christmas dinner?—and such a dinner, too!

Lina lay awake half the night, puzzling her head over this problem.

The sun shone out on a clear, frosty Christmas the next morning, and Lina and her mother were bustling about, putting the little rooms in holiday order, when shuffling steps came up the stairway, a thumping knock sounded on the door, and a shock-headed boy asked,—

"Mrs. Forder live here?"

"Yes," said the widow, wonderingly. "That's my name."

"This here's for you, then. Nothin' to pay."

And having deposited a well-filled basket on the table, the boy shuffled away, leaving the widow and her daughter staring at each other with astonishment.

"It's a mistake!" cried Lina.

But no, there was a card, with Mrs. Forder's name and number, carefully attached to the hamper; and having made sure it was meant for them, Lina fell at once to rifling it of its contents.

"A fifteen-pound turkey, I do believe! Just look, ma! and no end of grocery! A paper of sugar. Eggs—two dozen of 'em at least—and sweet potatoes. Half-a-dozen lemons, and raisins, and currants and citron, and ginger. What else, I wonder?"

Lina and her mother stared blankly at each other, while Tom helped himself to currants and raisins unrebuked.

"I should think 'twas sister Jenny sent 'em," said Mrs. Forder, at last.

"It's a godsend to us, anyway, wherever it came from," declared Lina. "And I'm going to get dinner at once. And now we can ask old Mr. Brown, too, after all."

The turkey was soon roasting in front of a fine fire, and the odor filled the little kitchen and floated out through the hallway, penetrating even to Bachelor Bastick's very door.

The dinner was a success. The soup, the roast turkey, the potatoes, the pies, and cranberry sauce were cooked to perfection, and Mr. Bastick could not help contrasting his lonely dinners at the restaurant with this cozy meal; the coffee urn, and pretty, violet-eyed Lina busy helping everyone but herself.

Old Mr. Brown, too, with his dignified manners, was no detraction to the merry party around the well-spread board. And when it was all over, and Mr. Bastick had gone to smoke a cigar in the solitude of his own room, he mentally decided, as the blue wreaths curled overhead, that "it was not good for man to be alone."

In fact, before many moons had come and gone, pretty Lina Forder had resigned her situation and assumed the more responsible position of housewife, with the matronly title of Mrs. Bastick.

And not until then did Mr. Bastick confess that he had sent the basket which had so puzzled Lina and her mother.

"I overheard your conversation, when you discovered Tom's blunder," he confessed, "and, of course, on learning the circumstances, I thought it was only my duty to help you out of the dilemma."

And Lina only laughed at her husband's explanation, and declared she had suspected him all along.

But a load was lifted from Mrs. Forder's mind, for according to her own confession, "she couldn't scarcely sleep 'o nights, for wondering where on earth that basket come from."

A TENNESSEE newspaper contains the following: "We are rejoiced to know that J. C. Rackbelt, that prince of gentlemen and czar of culture, has secured the contract for building the plank sidewalk in front of the Gibbons block. He is a gentleman of the old school and knows a good piece of plank when he sees it."

Humorous.

WHITE ON THE DOOR.

White on the door! What a message of grief,
Telling of faces all tear-stained and sad;
Emblem of sorrow that knows not relief,
Token of hearts that can no more be glad.

White on the door—sad reminder to all,
Pointing, relentless, to Nature's great truth—
Fate knows no pity; its rude hand will fall
Not only on age, but on innocent youth.

White on the door—'tis a pitiful sight,
And many a man at the painter has swore
When he saw that his black coat, once glossy and bright,
Was ruined by contact with white on the door.
—U. N. NONE.

Regular visitors—Collectors.

A bosom friend—The baby.

Full moon—The honeymoon.

A hollow mockery—The echo.

Handy things to have—Gloves.

A patient waiter—A young doctor.

Notes of admiration—Love letters.

A figure head—The bookkeeper's.

A guilt frame—The prison window.

Sleight of hand—Refusing an offer.

Quick at figures—The dancing master.

Fruit for balloonists—Currents in the air.

A high-toned young man—A tenor singer.

Belles of the kitchen—Wringing machines.

It is asserted that Adam was married on his wedding eve.

A man who does business on a large scale—The coal dealer.

Although your doctor may say you owe your life to him, he will not take it in settlement of his bill.

It is not in good taste for a young physician, when writing to a patient, to sign himself, "Yours, till death."

"Drummer, eh?" "Well, I'm traveling for a bank." "Pretty good pay?" "Yes, if I get across the Canada line."

The very latest curiosity spoken of in the papers is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was a waggin'. The man who has discovered it has retired from public life.

Farmer's wife: "Why, Joseph, what under the sun have you bought so many cans of vegetables for?" Cute farmer: "For the city boarders, of course. They always dote on fresh vegetables, you know. Got the whole lot at seven cents a can."

The following extraordinary advertisement appears in a German newspaper: "Wanted, by a lady of quality, for adequate remuneration, a few well-behaved and respectably dressed children to amuse a cat in delicate health two or three hours a day."

Fogg has said the meanest things any man was ever capable of saying. When Mrs. F. left him alone in the house the other evening she remarked: "You won't be lonely, dear?" "No," he replied, "I shan't miss you at all. The parrot, you know, is here."

"Give the new boarder whatever he wants," says an experienced country shark, "and you will get his money. He will eat cucumbers, and milk, and green apples, and honey, and pickles, and then he will send for a doctor and go without eating for a week, while all the time his board bill is going on."

"Look here, my man, you go over and play your trombone for Mr. Wilson. Here is a dime. He lives in that big white house over yonder. He plays the violin, and likes music better than I do." "Well," said the man, taking the coin, "I would, but he just gave me a quarter to come over and play for you!"

"There is something inexplicable about the mental make-up of a woman," said Fitzbrown to a female acquaintance. "There's that Mrs. Smith, for example. She's utterly unable to handle a horse, and yet she drives her husband about as though he were a baby." "Ah, but you forget," replied the lady; "the horse, you know, is a very intelligent animal!"

BROTHER GEORGE: "Girls, did you hear what a sad thing happened to Fred Jones yesterday?" Girls (in alarm): "No! What is it?" Brother G.: "The poor fellow had to have his arm taken off." Girls: "Oh! how terrible! How did it happen?" Brother G.: "Well, it happened on the tennis ground. He was sitting by Miss Smith: they were then alone, when suddenly he put his arm around her." Girls: "Well, go on. What then? What happened?" Brother G.: "Well, it was then it had to be taken off!"

THE following expressive dialogue lately passed between an school-committeeman and a scholar undergoing examination—"Where is the North Pole?" "I don't know, sir." "Don't know! Are you not ashamed that you don't know where the North Pole is?" "Why, sir, if Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane, Captain De Long and Captain Greeley couldn't find it, how should I know where it is?"

For Weak Women.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass: "About the first of September, 1881, my wife was taken with uterine hemorrhage. The best styptics the physician could prescribe did not check it, and she got more and more enfeebled. She was troubled with Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa, numbness of the limbs, sickness of the stomach and loss of appetite. I purchased a trial bottle of your Vegetable Compound. *She said she could discover a salutary effect from the first dose.* Now she is comparatively free from the Prolapsus, Stomach's sickness, &c. The hemorrhage is very much better and is less at the regular periods. Her appetite is restored, and her general health and strength are much improved. We feel that we have been *wonderfully benefitted*, and our hearts are drawn out in gratitude for the same and in sympathy for other sufferers, for whose sakes we allow our names to be used." C. W. EATON, Thurston, N. Y.

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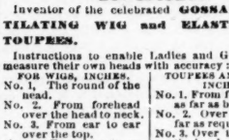

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No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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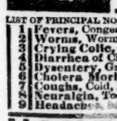

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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The newest chapeaux for ceremonious occasions shown by some of the leading Parisian modistes are Liliputian stringless capotes, made of gold embroidered or gold spangled fabrics, and trimmed with flowers of the same precious metal in the shape of a fine ribbon wire, or with bows of ribbon, in which silk and gold threads are mixed with charming effect.

The Psyche is one these tiny coiffures in gold spangled gauze, ornamented with a light spray of large gold wire flowers, placed like an aigrette above the centre of the brim, and mingled with loops of old pink or blue faille ribbon.

A bouillonne of gold net, a wreath of golden butterfly wings, and an aigrette of pink satin ribbon and primulas, compose another of these capotes, and another ladylike and rather less showy model is covered with an application of white lace on black lace; in front is an aigrette of moss silk and gold wire ribbon, and a pretty arrangement of gold thread embroidery.

Black lace capotes on a colored foundation, especially on pink, and trimmed with ribbon and flowers to match the lining, are amongst the prettiest and most practical capotes for more general wear, and modistes have invented a new way of pleating white or black lace in the shape of a cock's comb, for ornamenting the tops of capotes, which is original and becoming when not carried to excess. As a rule laudable efforts are being made to reduce the excessive height of chapeaux, and many of the most stylish capotes are free from this exaggeration.

A good specimen is a small capote with a rounded crown covered with a piece of gold and silk embroidery; the low diadem brim is decked with a bouillonne of moss-green velvet, and the strings, tied in a little bow under the left ear, are of the same material. In front is a small pleat and aigrette of white and straw-colored feathers, with a rosette of cream silk guipure on the right of the plume.

Fine straw laces form the crown of many capotes, either alone, or alternated with jet; a good model is in narrow straw lace of a pale gold color, alternated with jet insertion of the same width.

The strings are of picot ribbon matching the straw, and in front is a pleating of embroidered tulle, with bows of straw-colored ribbon, and a bouquet of small white flowers and yellow and mauve orchids.

So many new and beautiful fabrics have been brought out for millinery purposes, and the flowers, ribbons, feathers and laces, employed in trimming capotes, are in such charming colors and delightful varieties, that one is tempted to forget that the chapeau is not the only article of attire needed this season. One or two hats must, however, be mentioned, and general hints may be gathered from these.

Hats are chiefly worn in colored straw, and have tall crowns and brims of uneven width turned up sharply in front, on one side, or at the back. This last mode is adopted for an excellent model in fine Dunstable straw dyed a dark, full shade of old pink. The raised part of the brim is lined with velvet to match, and bordered with a little silver trimming. Three flounces of black Chantilly lace falling from the top of the crown downwards over the hat, and far back on the left side is a bow of old pink picot ribbon and a bunch of wild flowers.

A very stylish hat for a young lady has a high sloping crown, but is brimless at the back; from the sides a wide brim advances in front, and is at the same time slightly raised and lined throughout with dark velvet. In the model described blue velvet is used to correspond with the dark blue ornaments of the dress.

The crown is entirely covered with draped cream gauze, fastened down near the top of the crown and at the foot with narrow straps of cream satin ribbon; the gauze is pulled out above the top strap to form a bouillonne over the top of the crown, and ends in a pleating below the lower strap at the back; the brim is also covered with pleated gauze, and a rosette bow of cream satin ribbon is placed in front of the crown.

The new toilettes are less noticeable for novelty in style than for the very marked tendency to introduce brighter colors than the half tints and soft old-fashioned tones that were so fashionable last year.

The colors are much the same in name, but fuller and purer in tone; steel blue, for instance, is one of the colors which has acquired a brighter tinge, sapphire blue, pink, fire and mandarin yellow, are all struggling for a share of favor, most of which will be, however, accorded to the new shades of pink, such as Indian and Hebe pink, and to the fresh, tender shades of green, seen in nature in young leaves and in the delicate sprays of growing moss.

Pompadour pekins are very fashionable, both in satin and in faille; the patterns on the broad satin stripe are exquisitely drawn and colored on a cream ground, and divided by narrow stripes of red satin figured with ecru.

In the faille pekins the Pompadour stripes are separated by narrower stripes in raised designs; this is beautiful in white, with colored flowers in old pinks and reds running down the centre of the wide faille stripe.

Very faint mixtures of colors and curious revivals of old combinations and patterns are found in some of the newest pekin failles and broches, especially in those which have a shot ground, this being also sometimes studded with the tiny white spots.

Moire pekins, with satin and moire stripes in another color, are also a mode that is rather renewed than new, except in the matter of color and in the arrangement of the colored stripes, which are placed close together, and forming very wide bands.

Silk fabrics of a more useful character are in the wide stripes and large plaids, so much in vogue this season. A plaid surah in pale straw-color and shades of heliotrope is a good example, and plain gray silk is made up with plaid silk in black, white and gray, or plain colored faille with the same material in alternate plain stripes, and stripes of surah in small chequers in the same color and white.

A new make of silk batiste is accompanied by a pekin to correspond with groups of satin stripes; this is very effective in white with navy-blue satin stripes.

Fancy silks and surahs are striped and chequered in many ways, some pretty models having also narrow Pompadour bands, bordered with either satin or plush stripes.

Shot silks, with detached sprays of velvet flowers in rather dull colors scattered on the surface, are very novel in design, the sprays being long and narrow, and apparently thrown at random on the ground.

Foulards will once more be the leading material for useful summer dresses. It is made in many new patterns and in all the fashionable mixtures of colors, in wide and narrow stripes, in chequers, large and small, and with spots, leaves, sprigs, and sprays on light and medium tinted grounds.

In spite of the prevailing fashion for combining two contrasting shades in one dress, a great many very stylish costumes are made in one color only; these are chiefly made of thin summer cloth in white, old pink, French gray, heliotrope, Danube blue, and other rather pale colors. The visite and chapeau are chosen to match the dress, and very ladylike costumes are thus arranged.

Small round fancy straw bonnets are much worn with a trimming made of loops of narrow ribbon, in five or six different shades, mixed with some the same color as the straw. They are arranged in a sort of half-coronet, which in the centre becomes a moderate sized aigrette. This is the first token of aigrettes being discontinued.

Buttons are no longer very prominent. The more there are of them the better the dress looks; but they must be for use as well as ornament, and extremely neat in make.

The making of buttonholes has assumed the dimensions of a fine art, and a woman who can do them well is quite an acquisition to any family or establishment.

Putting on the bodice of a dress with a long row of these buttons from shoulder to point is a work of time, not to be lightly attempted nor completed in less than a quarter of an hour.

Gold thread and amber beads are much used in making a passementerie that looks very well indeed on fine dark cloth. It is rather expensive, and, therefore, likely always to be chic.

Odds and Ends.

A FEW WORDS ON SCOTTISH COOKERY.

I will now give the readers of THE POST a few recipes for some really Scotch dishes, and let them judge for themselves whether or not they justify the designation of "tasty."

Oatmeal Brose.—Put a handful and a half of good coarse oatmeal into a bowl which has been previously heated, add two saltspoonfuls of salt, a little pepper, and a piece of dripping or butter about the size of a walnut. Pour over this one pint of boiling water; let stand a minute, and then break up with a fork. Eat while it is hot.

Oatmeal Porridge.—Put half a pound of fine or coarse oatmeal, according to taste, into a saucepan with a dessertspoonful of salt; add one pint of cold water, and stir until thoroughly mixed and quite smooth; then add one and a half pint of boiling water, place on the fire, and stir constantly until they have boiled ten minutes; draw to the side, and stir occasionally until required.

Barley Broth.—Two pounds of the middle cut of hough, two gallons of water, one teacupful of barley, one savoy, one Swede turnip, two carrots, pepper and salt to taste. Well wash the barley, put into a saucepan along with the water and hough, bring slowly to the boil, and skim well; chop the savoy very finely, grate the carrot and turnip, or, if preferred, half of the turnip and one carrot can be left whole; add to the broth and season. An onion is a great improvement when its flavor is liked. Simmer five hours. When the meat is half cooked, take it out; brown in a stewpan, add gravy and seasoning, simmer slowly until required, and serve with potatoes.

Cabbage Broth.—One and a half pound of flank, one gallon of water, one cabbage, one tablespoonful of rice, one carrot, one turnip, one small onion, salt and pepper. Bring the meat to the boil, skim; add the rice, after being well washed; slice the cabbage, carrot, turnip and onion, and add with the pepper and salt. Boil for four hours.

Green Kale.—Put a knuckle of pork into one and a half gallon of water; when it boils skim, and add half a teacupful of well-washed barley, three stocks of kale, shred small, four leeks, minced finely, half a carrot, grated, and pepper and salt. Simmer for five hours.

Sheep's Head Broth.—Get a good sheep's head, singe it, cut the eyes and thoroughly rub the head with the liquid, and soak in salt and water for a night. In the morning thoroughly clean the head, and soak in salted water for an hour. Put the head into a saucepan with pepper, salt, and three gallons of water; skim well, and boil for three hours. Take out the head and put half a teacupful of well-washed barley, a savoy, carrot, turnip, and four leeks, nicely sliced, into the stock; simmer for about three hours longer, and then it may be served.

Sheep's Head Pie.—Take half of the head which was boiled for broth, cut into nice pieces, using all the skin; season nicely, with ground cloves, Jamaica black, and white pepper, salt, a little parsley, and a hard-boiled egg, if liked. Put into a pie-dish that will just hold it. Cut the tongue into neat slices, and arrange them on the top. Moisten the whole with a little stock; cover with a nice short crust, and bake about one hour.

Potted Head.—Take the other half of the head, chop it very small, and put into a saucepan with sufficient stock to just cover it; season with Jamaica, black and white pepper, and salt; simmer slowly for three hours, and pour into a mould. When going to serve it, loosen the edges, reverse the mould on a dish, when it will slip out quite easily. Garnish, and serve.

Scotch Shortbread.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream; mix together one pound of rice flour, one pound of wheaten flour, and a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar; dredge slowly into the butter, and when well-mixed, divide the paste into four pieces. Have four sheets of well-greased paper ready, and knead one cake on each sheet, making it one inch thick, and shaping with a flagon-lid. Crimp the edges with a fork, and prick the centre. Bake for half an hour. Should the oven be too hot, place a sheet of white paper over the cakes to prevent them becoming too brown.

Buttermilk Scones.—Take four pounds of flour, rub in two ounces of butter, add one small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one dessertspoonful of cream of tartar, and one of salt; mix well, add enough buttermilk to make a pretty stiff dough; knead lightly, roll out, shape, and bake on a griddle over a clear fire, allowing five minutes to each side.

"PRETTY? No, I won't say baby is pretty," declared a young mother, "for I can speak of him impartially, even though he is my own, and that's more than most mothers can do. He has lovely blue eyes, perfect in shape; hair like the morning sunshine; mouth—well, no rosebud could be sweeter; complexion divinely fair; nose just too cunning for anything; in fact, he's faultless. But I won't say he's pretty."

Confidential Correspondents.

ANXIOUS.—Your friend is apparently rather shy. He does not seem to be exactly in love with you as yet, although very nearly so.

SUNBURNT.—The letters are "A. O." Alpha and Omega, the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. See Rev. i. 8. The letters "J. H. S." are from the Latin words Jesus Hominum Salvator, "Jesus, Saviour of men."

W.—The specimen you sent—which was hardly in a condition for fair examination—is one of the Convolvulaceæ, Morning Glories. It is evidently a double-flower, the stamens etc. having disappeared, and given place to an extra corolla.

SUPER.—There is no meaning attached to white marks on the finger nils. An old childish saw concerning them used to run as follows, commencing at the thumb:

"A gift, a friend, a foe,
A letter to come and a journey to go."

P. V.—1. Blank verse is verse or poetry without rhyme. 2. "Enoch Arden" is among the best specimens of Tennyson's blank verse. 3. You can probably find a sufficient treatise on poetical metre in any standard work on grammar under the head of prosody.

SALAAM.—The word efflorescence has two meanings; it signifies the production of flowers, or an eruption, according to the sense in which it is used. Most likely the words "copper-nose" was applied to someone whose nose was reddened by the use of stimulants. 2. "Svelte" means slender or slim.

CIVIL S.—Russia wants Constantinople because it guards the entry to the Black Sea and is the acknowledged capital of Greek Christendom. Commercially, the place is important; historically, it is the Eastern Empire; ecclesiastically, it is the see of the Chief Patriarch. Those facts alone are enough for Russia.

TIRAZH.—"In the midst of life we are in death" is not from the Bible. It will be found in the "Burial Service" in the Book of Common Prayer. It was originally taken from a Latin antiphon written by St. Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911. This monk was surnamed the "Stammerer," and was canonized as a saint for his extreme goodness. The antiphon was written while he was watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrucke in peril of their lives.

W. N. C.—We confess our inability to give a categorical answer. We have known girls at seventeen wiser than girls at twenty-three, but in this particular case the parents or guardian of the lady must judge. At twenty-three a man of average good sense and health may properly marry if he sees his way to honest bread-and-butter for at least two persons. Be sure you know your own minds, and so enter into and maintain a union that will never in the breaking up of it trouble a lawyer, or give bad spice to a newspaper's column.

A. B.—The tearing of an argument in pieces, and the taking of an offender in hand, are mental operations, and have to be done with mental instruments—in short, with the mental hands. When we talk about being in the dark on a subject, and about having light thrown upon it, about seeing the point, or not seeing it, about handling a subject, or tearing an argument in pieces, we, of course, speak figuratively, and assign eyes and hands to the mind, and assume that it has mental faculties, organs, and conditions which correspond to bodily faculties, organs and conditions.

S. S.—You might give your future wife some small piece of ornamental furniture, such as a bookstand, a pretty chair or table, which for the present would adorn her bedroom, and which would be equally useful in the home you hope to establish. It would be impossible to give you a list which would be really useful of the things you will need to buy. Two rules are worth remembering, however. First, buy only what you are sure you want; and, second, make up your mind what you want before you start on your shopping expedition, even if you have to make a preliminary tour of the shops to do so.

E. T. E.—Of course a sensible, well-bred man will show by his look and manner that he expects to be recognized; but nevertheless, the duty of looking out for acquaintances of the opposite sex, and bowing first, falls upon ladies. Even if a man whom you know is stupid enough to look at you, as you pass him, with a perfectly unmoved face, you must salute him with a slight bow and smile. The gentleman whom you "cut" would naturally feel hurt, and if ever you see him again you should apologize; but as your acquaintance with him was very slight, it is not worth while taking any trouble about the matter.

JULIEN.—We do think the mind-state is dependent on a physical condition. Mind is neither more nor less than brain-function, and it is always some physical fault that causes mental disorder or weakness; but, while this is true, the brain can be reached only through its function. Therefore we say, leave the subjects that worry you. On reflection, you will see that, unless we could tell precisely by a personal examination what is the particular or most prominent physical fault in your case, we can talk only of generalities. As regards a specific course of mental discipline to restore the faculty of attention or concentrated thought, we do not think you will gain much by any endeavors of your own. Rather, we must repeat, you should avoid those subjects in connection with which the mind wanders. Set them aside, for a time at least, and simply attend to your general health. Leave the mind alone. You will do more harm than good by mental meddling.

TRAVELER.—Yes; the guide books tell us that an old condemned brig, named Michigan, was sent over Niagara Falls in September, 1827, which is reported to have had several animals, birds, and fowls on board, among which were an old buffalo, two bears, a fox, a raccoon, a dog, an eagle, and two geese. One of the bears escaped from the vessel a little way above the Falls, and succeeded in reaching the shore. All the rest of the creatures went over the Falls with the old brig. One of the geese was rescued below the Falls and taken ashore alive. All the others perished. Some of the reports state that there was a deer on board the vessel, which swam ashore below the Falls, on the Canada side. Thousands of people assembled to see the vessel go over with its living freight, as the affair had been extensively advertised. The whole thing was, in fact, a speculation set on foot by hotel, stage, and steamboat proprietors, to make money out of the people who would be drawn to the Falls to witness the spectacle.

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UNSOUGHT.

BY F. S. S.

"Woe is me," she cried, in her sorrow,
Eyelids drooping and full of pain;
"Woe is me in the sun or rain,
Grief is mine to-day and to-morrow.

"Woe is me; for his sweet caresses
Fell on my lips and brow and hair.
Woe is me; for his kisses there
Thrill with a pain that burns, not blesses.

"I am his, but he claims me never;
I am his, but he is not mine;
Still I worship at love's dear shrine—
For I loved him once, and I love him ever.

"Woman's right is to give her treasure,
His is the right to laugh and scorn;
Mine is the love so lightly worn—
Naught he has given for love's full measure.

"Woe is me; for he loves me never,
Woe is me for the love unsought—
But oh, for the pain with kisses wrought—
For I loved him once, and I love him ever."

Fettered, Yet Free.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII—(CONTINUED.)

AND you have not spoken to him yet?" Sir Hugh said, in tones of utter astonishment, as his laughing blue eyes peeped audaciously under the broad shadowy brim of Cecil's coarse straw gipsy bonnet. "How is that?"

"I'm sure I don't know," the girl said laughingly. "Anne introduced us when we arrived, but someone came and hurried Mr. Arnold off to make up a party for tennis, and there was no chance to exchange anything but the slightest bow."

"And since then I've had the bad taste to monopolize you," Sir Hugh said, adding in a rather grumbling tone, "and you were so fashionably late, too, Cecil!"

"Were we late?" the girl said absently. "I thought most of your guests arrived at the same time."

It was half-past six o'clock, and the garden party, which had reached its zenith half-an-hour before, was beginning to flag a little. Tennis, badminton, and croquet had been in full swing for quite two hours, and even their most ardent votaries were beginning to weary; still Danecourt Park presented an animated appearance as Cecil's dark, sad eyes wandered over it on that fair July afternoon which had made Sir Hugh's fiancee known to Sir Hugh's friends.

The band was playing among the trees, a soft, dreamy melody from "Mignon." Servants were moving about with trays of refreshments; tea and coffee, ices and iced drinks, were finding favor with the exhausted players. Pretty girls, in bright-hued tennis gowns, were resting under the cedar trees; young men, in flannels, with gaily-hued silken bands round their waists, were dancing attendance upon them. The terraces were covered with guests, sitting and standing, and lounging and walking.

Cecil could see her sister with Miss Danecourt, Laura's rich, dark beauty contrasting well with Anne's fair, Saxon comeliness and pale golden hair. Mrs. Geith looked pale and anxious, Cecil thought. Poor Laura, this had been an ordeal to her.

But if it had been an ordeal to Laura, what had it not been to Cecil herself? The thought which never ceased to haunt her, that any moment might bring discovery of the secret which she had hoped to keep, was a terrible one. How a public betrayal had been spared her until now she hardly knew, only that it was doubtless to be ascribed to the fact that Mr. Arnold had many friends in the neighborhood, and was, moreover, an excellent tennis player, and, therefore, in much request, and after that hurried introduction he had remained near the tennis courts, which she had avoided. She felt that he had not recognised her in the moment of introduction, although at the time it had taken all her strength to keep from fainting, and, therefore, her remembrance of the occurrence was slight and confused; but she felt that recognition must come sooner or later. Afterwards she used to wonder a little that her hair had not turned white during those two long, terrible hours.

And yet, as she sat in the wicker chair which Sir Hugh had placed for her under one of the great copper beeches, she looked serene, calm and self-possessed. She had performed her part in the gala day to perfection, and her fiancee had exchanged looks of fond and proud delight with Miss Danecourt, as they watched Cecil receiving the congratulations which were so profusely offered her, with her matchless grace of manner, stately and self-possessed as a young queen. There would be but one verdict about her, Sir Hugo felt triumphantly that his wife would be queen of the county ere long. And if some of the young ladies looked at her jealously, envying her for having carried off the most eligible *parti* of the district, even those who envied her most could find nothing to say in her disfavor, save that her gown was rather effectively simple, and that she must be very vain to dress herself in that somewhat fantastic style.

And perhaps the style was somewhat fantastic, but at least it was eminently becoming. It had seemed strange to Anne Danecourt that Cecil, whose attire was usually costly and rich, should to-day have appeared in a gown of embroidered muslin, simple as a schoolgirl's, made without a train, and short enough to let the little feet in their silk stockings and Cromwell shoes peep from its lace-trimmed edge, while her coarse straw bonnet was trimmed and tied under her chin with white ribbon. She wore no gloves; long white mittens fastened with white ribbon, covered her hands and arms and finished the demure Quaker toilette to perfection.

"How many waltzes are you going to give me to-night?" Sir Hugh queried presently, taking her great white fan and fanning her slowly.

"To-night," she repeated rather vaguely.

"Yes, to-night. Have you forgotten that some of us are going to dance to-night? Don't you feel able to trip the light, fantastic toe?"

"Yes, oh, yes; but, as you say, I had forgotten."

"Then, as I have reminded you, I have a right to all your waltzes. In fact," with a little frown, "I don't think I could bear to see you waltzing with anyone else. I'm an awfully jealous fellow, Cecil."

"But is it not awfully bad form to dance only together?" she remarked with a little smile which just touched her lips.

"Who cares? Even if it is, dear, we are not so punctilious here."

"How pretty some of the girls are," Cecil said presently. Miss Butler looks very well to-day."

Sir Hugh glanced carelessly at his cousin, who, in an exquisite dress of palest blue, was standing surrounded by a little court of admirers.

"Yes, she looks very well. Rather too much like a figure on a fashion plate for my taste."

"I am not jealous, Hugh. You may praise her as much as you like."

"Thanks for the permission," he answered laughing. I have praised her as warmly as my inclination prompts."

"I wish she liked me a little better," Cecil said wistfully; or, rather, I should say, disliked me a little less."

Sir Hugh frowned a little.

"What does it matter, dear? You have won so much love here, that you can dispense with universal conquest," he said carelessly; Connie's bad taste is not worth thinking off."

"And yet I can't help thinking of it," she answered with one of her faint little smiles.

"Think of it, if you will; but don't let it worry you, little one. Ah! There is Lady Ruthane going, and I must leave you. Shall I take you to a more populated district?" he added, as he rose and stood looking down at her, tall and splendid-looking in his summer attire.

"Oh, no; I prefer this nook. It affords a good and safe view of the situation," she replied; I can see without being much seen. Go now, Hugh; I ought not to monopolize you like this."

"I am afraid I am guilty of the monopoly," he said ruefully, as he turned from her raising his hat and giving her a fond little smile.

Cecil watched him as he strode away over the velvety, green lawns, until a mist came before her eyes and blotted him out.

How good he was—how strong—how handsome! Ah! if she had only been true, she might not have lost him after all; she might have kept his love and esteem.

The mist which floated before her eyes and dimmed the keenness of her sight made the brilliant scene before her a confused and blurred medley of colors and forms. When it cleared away, she became conscious that a gentlemen was coming towards her, over the green sward; and it seemed to her as if a cold, icy hand held her heart in a cruel grip, as she recognized him.

He was a man above the medium height, slightly but gracefully built, with a face which, usually pale, was now flushed with his exertions at tennis; deep set eyes with a pleasant little smile in them; a grave, firm mouth, sensitive withal, and unshaded by any moustache.

Mr. Arnold came leisurely across the grass, contemplating, with admiring eyes, the slight white figure almost lost in the depths of the wicker chair, whose red cushions made a most perfect background to her white purity, and gave the picture the touch of color it needed. It was a pretty picture, the young barrister thought, although the beautiful young face was hidden by the quaint poke bonnet; the simplicity of her gown pleased his artistic eyes, the natural grace of her attitude showed the perfect proportions of her figure; her hands, in their quaint coverings, lay clasped upon her lap, clasped with a clasp whose pressure he could not know; the sun, stealing through the foliage of the copper beeches, beflecked her white gown with little trembling shadows, and caught the gleams of the diamond on her fingers.

"Millais alone could do justice to such a picture," Arnold thought to himself as he approached her. "She will make a charming mistress for Danecourt. What a picturesque pair she and Hugh will make!"

"Shall I be intruding on your solitude, Miss Lestrange?" he said in a pleasant, well-modulated voice, as he reached her. "Jessie sent me to 'make friends' as she phrased it, but I daresay you are tired and would rather defer it."

"Oh, no," Cecil answered in a low tone, "I am not tired."

"Am I to take that assurance for permission to occupy the chair which Hugh's duties as host have forced him to leave vacant?" he said smiling. "Thank you," and as Cecil inclined her head in acquiescence, he threw himself into the chair beside her.

She turned her face slightly towards him as he sat there, and he could see its delicate beauty framed in the soft, white, gathered silk with which the brim of her bonnet was lined. As his eyes rested upon it, he experienced a slight, sudden shock; surely its loveliness was strangely familiar to him, yet where had he seen her before?

Cecil sat motionless. There was no sign, not the slightest, of any agitation in her manner, no outward evidence of the intense agitation she was enduring. Her face was towards him, but her eyes were downcast. Hers, as Montagu Arnold felt, was not a face which, once seen, was easily forgotten. Where had they met before?

The band had ceased to play just as Sir Hugh had left Cecil's side; it began again now, as Montagu Arnold leaned slightly forward in his chair.

"Have we ever met before, Miss Lestrange?" he asked smiling. "Your face seems so familiar to me."

"Does it?" she said quietly.

"Yes, I have a good memory for faces, and yours is not one easily forgotten, I think," he said musingly. "But just now I cannot recall where I have seen you."

"Do not try," she said with a sudden, wistful earnestness underlying the light manner she had successfully assumed. "What does it matter? Have you never met people, Mr. Arnold, whose faces are quite familiar to you, and whom you fancy you know, and whom you have never really met before?"

"Is not that what Artemus Ward calls affinity?" the young barrister said laughing, yet with the same puzzled intent look into her face; then recollecting himself, he withdrew his gaze. "Forgive me," he pleaded gently; "I am very rude! Nannie has had a lovely day for her party. Are you not very tired of receiving congratulations?"

"A little," Cecil said in the low, tuneless, muffled tone she had used hitherto; "but," with a weary intonation stirring its monotony, "it will soon be over now. How well the music sounds, does it not?"

"Very well," he rejoined rather absently, still puzzled and wondering where he had seen the lovely girl's face to which his eyes were so irresistibly attracted that he could hardly force himself to look away. "You know that air, of course, it is 'Il segreto,' from Lucrezia Borgia, and——"

He paused suddenly and abruptly; the casual mention had given him the clue he wanted; he turned to her again, a flood of color rushing into his face, then receding, left him as pale as death, or as the lovely miserable face on which his eyes rested.

For a moment the two startled, pallid faces looked at each other in silence; the band played on softly, the sunshine flickered through the trees.

Cecil was the first to speak.

"You know me?" she said steadily; and at the sound of her voice he started, and looked around with a bewildered air.

"Know you? Yes. Great Heavens! Is it possible that it is you who call yourself Cecil Lestrange, and——"

"It is I!"

"You who are engaged to Hugh Danecourt?"

"Yes."

"And—and he knows? Ah! but he cannot know."

"He knows nothing," Cecil said brokenly.

"Nothing? And yet—and yet, it is impossible that you can be his wife."

"Impossible!" the girl echoed drearily, as he sat staring at her with blank, horror-stricken eyes, too full of horror at her de-